

THE ACADEMY

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART

No. 1806

DECEMBER 15, 1906

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Education

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W. DUDELL, Esq., M.I.E.E. Six Lectures
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MAN TO RADIOTELEGRAPHY. On December 27
(Thursday), Dec. 29, 1906, Jan. 1, 3, 5, 8, 1907, at
Three o'clock.

Tuesdays.

Professor PERCY GARDINER, Litt.D., F.S.A.
Two Lectures ON THE SCULPTURE OF AEGINA IN
RELATION TO RECENT DISCOVERY. On Tuesdays,
Jan. 15, 22, at Three o'clock.

Professor A. C. SEWARD, F.R.S. Two Lec-
tures ON SURVIVALS FROM THE PAST IN THE
PLANT WORLD. On Tuesdays, Jan. 29, Feb. 5, at
Three o'clock.

Professor WILLIAM STIRLING, M.D., LL.D.,
D.Sc. Six Lectures ON THE VISUAL APPARATUS
OF MAN AND ANIMALS. On Tuesdays, Feb. 12, 19,
26, March 5, 12, 19, at Three o'clock.

Thursdays.

WILLIAM NAPIER SHAW, Esq., LL.D.,
Sc.D., F.R.S. Two Lectures ON RECENT ADVANCES
IN THE EXPLORATION OF THE ATMOSPHERE. On
Thursdays, Jan. 17, 24, at Three o'clock.

Major PERCY A. MACMAHON, D.Sc., F.R.S.
Two Lectures ON STANDARDS OF WEIGHTS AND
MEASURES. On Thursdays, Jan. 31, Feb. 7, at
Three o'clock.

Professor W. W. WATTS, F.R.S. Two Lec-
tures on (1) THE BUILDING OF BRITAIN; (2)
RECENT LIGHT ON ANCIENT PHYSIOGRAPHIES.
On Thursdays, Feb. 14, 21, at Three o'clock.

Dr. W. MARTIN. Two Lectures ON OLD
DUTCH PAINTING AND PAINTERS. On Thursdays,
Feb. 28, March 7, at Three o'clock.

C. W. SALEEBY, M.D., F.R.S.E. Two Lec-
tures ON BIOLOGY AND PROGRESS. On Thursdays,
March 14, 21, at Three o'clock.

Saturdays.

Sir ALEXANDER C. MACKENZIE, Mus.
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PHASES OF MUSIC with Musical Illustrations. On
Saturdays, Jan. 19, 26, at Three o'clock.

The Rev. WILLIAM BARRY, D.D. Two
Lectures ON PAPAL DEPOSING POWER. On
Saturdays, Feb. 2, 9, at Three o'clock.

Professor J. J. THOMSON, LL.D., D.Sc., F.R.S.
Six Lectures ON RONTGEN, CATHODE, AND POSITIVE
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THE LITERARY WEEK

M. PASCAL FORTUNY, in his "Variations sur la voyelle anglaise et le spleen anglais," treats of our spelling gone mad as a result of our temperament. It seems that A, which is not A; E, which is not E, etc., are so many expressions of an Anglo-Saxon state of mind *apart*; of a *rêverie*; of an imprecise, intermittent phase or soul peculiar to the British; of an innate sympathy for mezzotint thought, for *intellectual half and half*. (Weighing us psychologically in terms of drink is as good as "mobled queen"! These qualities, M. Fortuny allows, could be hurtful. But they are not so to us, as they are counter-balanced by our practical character.

We are conjured to look at our City man. After a day of figures, he makes for his "cottage," reading his "fiction"! Figures, fiction and a cottage are the inseparables of a City man, according to our writer in the *revue hebdomadaire*. The City man, in a brown study of prophets and thieves, adventures exoteric and interplanetary, is lost to time and figures—a type of the extraordinary Englishman. The English merchant is an antinomy. His dream (over the prophets and brigands) defies analysis, is different from that of all other peoples or potentialities. It is not fatalist and Russo-Byzantine, lyric and Latin, finely furious and delirious. It is "sinuous," fluctuating, now all haze and anon lucid, more real than reality. It is the English vowel, neither E nor A, neither U nor IU. You swear it is A, and it shades off into E. Your Protean U takes on itself the diphthongal nuance. It is Shelley in the rôle of Byron's Snake. Your Englishman, then, is an antinomy—or an Antinomian. He is nothing if not religious. Infinity, in England, thy name is Religion—especially in Hyde Park. The gamut runs from "the S. A." (no longer vowels, but sonorous, with drums, and trumpets, and harps of gold—in perspective these last) to, say, the Christian Scientists. Many who are experimentalists—and, as such, *terre à terre*—are, at the same time, given up emphatically to researches transcendental.

In art what difference between the maestro Van Dyck and the British Reynolds and Gainsborough, creators of womankind full of mysterious fascination—in a *milieu* of formless, imprecise atmosphere—with countenances of thought multitudinous, almost tumultuous! Burne Jones shadows forth legend: D. G. Rossetti is symbolical: Watts's work is instinct with ideas. And that butt of hostility, Whistler—what is he but one of his own symphonies in white, an azure-and-pink harmony, a variation in grey-and-green? And this is but a British attempt at translating the Indefinite, at eschewing pure colour. His *Princesses* are, after all, not more distinctive of Whistler than his figures ushered out of cloudland. It is all our spleen.

Literature works out splenetically to the same result in England. Our poets are so vague (like the unaccented vowel closing a British polysyllable)! Rich they may be in contrasted dreamings, visions of the night (or day), *nocturnes*, that cut away the ground under our feet. (This mixture of metaphors at least is not racy of our soil.) But they cradle us in delicious suspense, only to plunge us into profundities of Unrest or to hoist us to vertiginous heights unknown. Englishmen love Maeterlinck, who publishes only (practically) in England. They dote on Debussy, it seems, that musician who has sought after fugitive modulation, who has found *construzioni enarmoniche*. The spleen and the vowel! The burden of the U and the UI, and of such as cannot, or will not, fashion for to pronounce them aright! The accusation is a grave one, and made by a friendly Frenchman. The allied Nippon attacks our army, and the cordial Gaul our spelling, but neither of the twain with other intention than that of dissembling deepest love.

Some interesting details of author's royalties and other matters of publishing in America may be gathered from Mrs. Gertrude Atherton's letter in the *Times* of Thursday last. The royalties on a fifty cent book are at most five cents to the copy for paper-bound books and three cents for cloth-bound. On a book sold at one dollar fifty cents the popular author commands a twenty per cent. royalty, and expects to sell some fifty thousand copies. Profit, some fifteen thousand dollars. Even more interesting, however, are Mrs. Atherton's remarks on the novelist's need to live not remote from the world on a small income, "drawing inspiration from the moon," but widely and fully, with travel, society and all the other means of acquiring knowledge of life. More, travel is sometimes a necessity for the actual work in hand. Mrs. Atherton herself travelled from San Francisco to Sitka, a fortnight's journey, for the sake of one chapter in "Rezánov," and "found it quite worth while." But if such conscientiousness were Mrs. Atherton's only quality she would not be the novelist she is.

Too many modern novelists seem to imagine that to fly all over the world and pitch on a new *locale* for each new book is to achieve variety and breadth. Too many succeed in dishing up old and stale conventions of character under new and often unpronounceable names. The best short story ever written by a leading modern novelist concerned the West Coast of Africa—a continent he had never visited. The few who knew the places mentioned asked: "When was he there? We never met him." It was an illustration of what the poet did not say: "Better five minutes of imagination at home than fifty years of the literary form of commercial travelling."

The American Ambassadors (we leave the correctness of the term to the discussion of the experts) to England have been more remarkable as men of letters than the British Ambassadors to America; but in Mr. Bryce, who is to succeed Sir Mortimer Durand at Washington, we send a historian and biographer of great eminence. The author of the *History of the Holy Roman Empire* would be already well known in America, if he had never visited the country before; but Mr. Bryce's greatest work is the monumental "American Commonwealth," a study in history, politics and jurisprudence, to which any change in the future of the United States can only add interest and value. The American Ambassador to England is nearly always a good speaker. Those who have heard Mr. Bryce outside the House of Commons speaking on the more serious of after-dinner topics will feel secure in the reflection that no better speaker could have been chosen. There is a dignity, a limpidity, a force about Mr. Bryce's occasional addresses that compel one to listen with admiration. Let us hope that Mr. Bryce will not be too busy to climb the Rockies and catch many a fine fish in American waters.

One of our greatest provincial journalists has passed away in the person of Sir John Leng, of Dundee. It may have been that this somewhat remote town on the East coast would scarcely have afforded scope for his energy and general faculty. But he proved to be much greater than the circumstances by which he was surrounded, and the journals which he brought into being and conducted are the best monument to his ability. In private life he was a very shrewd and kindly man. The writer of this note still remembers, though it is now many years ago, that when he was commencing journalism Mr. Leng gave him some homely maxims to guide his conduct. One may seem a little droll to those who have not thought about it. It was to the effect that no leader should begin with the word "The," as the employment of this particle had the effect, he considered, of destroying interest. Another was the curious command to remember that it was always the women who made or marred the fortunes of a newspaper. Some of the new lights of journalism might, no doubt, consider Sir John Leng old-fashioned, but there was plenty of shrewd common sense in both of these remarks.

The Moore Memorial Committee, through whose efforts a Celtic Cross was the other day placed over the grave of Thomas Moore at Bromham in Wiltshire, propose to follow up this action by the erection of a new monument in Dublin. The curious cloaked figure, supposed to represent the poet, which has given rise to much mirth and which is one of the familiar landmarks of his native city, will therefore at last disappear from College Green. The remarkable fact about these tardy honours is that Moore's poems are probably less read in Dublin at this moment than at any time during the last fifty years. Mangan, on the other hand, to whom a memorial will shortly be unveiled in Dublin, enjoys a steadily increasing popularity.

The Irish language war still rages with unabated fury in the Irish capital. Formerly confined to a few enthusiasts on the one hand and a few more or less obscure opponents on the other, it now engages the attention of the higher powers, and no public pronouncement is considered complete without a reference to the burning question. The Provost of Trinity College is known to be an uncompromising enemy to the teaching of Irish in the schools, and has spared no pains to express his hostility. On the other hand, Sir Horace Plunkett is known to be a more or less active sympathiser with the work of the Gaelic League, which he regards as a force that makes for righteousness and industrial prosperity. Meanwhile, it is amusing to watch the struggles of the postman with Irish-addressed envelopes, and the still more painful efforts of pedestrians to decipher the Irish characters on the sign-posts. For, in spite of the efforts of the Gaelic League, Ireland is still an English-speaking country.

M. Ferdinand Brunetière, who has just died at the age of fifty-seven, showed in his youth many of the characteristics of those who are destined to follow a literary career. He failed in an important examination, because, while he should have been attending lectures on philosophy or writing Latin verses, he was engaged in wandering through the galleries of the Louvre, or in the study of the origin of species, or the history of languages. But in 1871 he was brought into close contact with the realities of life by the Franco-German War, in which he served, in spite of his defective sight. His life, however, was to be spent in fighting with the pen rather than with the sword, and when peace had been signed, he taught in a school, often, after the fashion of schoolmasters, getting up for the first time in the morning what he was engaged to teach in the afternoon. An attack of his on the naturalistic novel in the pages of the *Revue des deux Mondes* excited much remark and began his long connection with that well-known magazine. In 1893 he was appointed editor.

M. Brunetière was a critic with principles, too rare a species in the present day, when it is the fashion to regard Christianity and Judaism, Greek and Gothic architecture, Raphael and Hogarth, morality and immorality, Nietzsche and St. Francis, God and the Devil, with the same smiling complacency. His distinctive characteristic was that he applied the principles of the evolutionary school to literary criticism, showing that in literature as in animal life there is continued growth and transformation. Unlike the impressionist school, which maintains that criticism depends ultimately upon the amount of pleasure experienced by the critic, M. Brunetière held that the rank of a literary work is determined by its possession of such qualifications as perfect form and fundamental truth. For this and other reasons he preferred the literature of the seventeenth to the literature of the eighteenth century. M. Brunetière was a militant critic, who delighted in hard hitting, and it is not to be wondered at that he had many enemies. Incidentally it may be remarked that he preferred correcting faults to revealing beauties, holding, as he did, that the former course might do some good, while the latter would only encourage the growth of plagiarism.

It is, no doubt, as well that it has been decided not to hand over the Chapel Royal at Holyrood to the tender mercies of the restorer. And yet many a visitor to the abbeys of Scotland must have wished, as he saw them exposed to the destructive agencies of the weather, that some munificent benefactor, such as was the late Marquis of Bute, might arise to bring them back to their original condition. John Taylor, the Water Poet, is one of the writers who has left us an account of "the sumptuous chapell" of Holyrood, "most richly adorned with all appurtenances belonging to so sacred a place." But the Scotch were sorely tried by the religious sympathies of James II., and when the Prince of Orange landed they vented their iconoclastic fury on the church. It is curious to reflect that the right of sanctuary still exists for four miles round Holyrood. Possibly it was to secure immunity from arrest that Charles X. of France chose Edinburgh as his place of exile, and it is known that he loved the chapel, where he hoped that he might be interred.

At Mr. Murray's premises in Albemarle Street may be seen a beautiful example of the modern art of book-making—the Triumphs of Petrarch, translated by Henry Boyd. It is bound in leather, blind-stamped with a fourteenth-century design, and printed on paper specially manufactured in Italy approaching closely to the old hand-made paper. The type has been specially designed and cut for this volume, and is based on the script used by the best scribes of the last quarters of the fifteenth century, the period in which the art of hand-lettering reached its highest point of perfection in Italy. The large initials are in raised gold, the smaller in blue. The book is illustrated with six facsimiles of fifteenth-century etchings, on which Mr. Sidney Colvin contributes a note. There is an introduction by Dr. Guido Biagi. The price of the volume is £8 8s. net, and there is an edition de luxe at £63 net.

Literary criticism of this volume is perhaps out of place, as it is put forward as a book for collectors, not for students. But it seems a pity that in the title the name of the poet is given as "Francesco Petrarch." Would the translator like to be called "Enrico Boyd" we wonder? Certainly Petrarch would not have liked this hybrid version of his name, nor would he have easily recognised his *terza rima* in Mr. Boyd's metallic and monotonous couplets. The first lines of the Triumph of Time, for instance, are thus rendered:

Behind Aurora's wheels the rising sun
His voyage from his golden shrine begun.

If the object of this edition was to produce a fine setting for Petrarch's work, as is suggested in the prospectus sent out by the publisher, it would have been just as easy and more satisfactory to publish the "Trionfi" in the original Italian. To the collectors of valuable and beautiful books it makes little or no difference what language they are written in.

The first of Gorki's impressions of America has just appeared in a collection of tales published by the Znanie Company, St. Petersburg, under the title of "The City of the Yellow Devil." Succeeding sketches are to be entitled "The Kingdom of Boredom," "The Mob," and "Charlie Maine." Gorki confines himself in this first sketch to the description of the poorest parts of the city. And he spares not, nor slacks invective. Since "The Jungle," nothing has been written which inveighs with more convincing vehemence against Gold, the Yellow Devil who has completely subjugated man and even the elements to his will.

In February next, from 6th to 12th, with *matinées* on the 9th and 12th, the Oxford University Dramatic Society will present *The Taming of the Shrew*. Miss Lily Brayton will appear as Katharina. It is just over ten years since the Society gave performances of this play, when it was played alternately with *The Knights of Aristophanes*.

The following are among forthcoming events:

Royal Institution.—A Christmas course of lectures, adapted to a juvenile auditory, will be delivered at the Royal Institution by Mr. W. Duddell, on "Signalling to a Distance; from Primitive Man to Radiotelegraphy" (experimentally illustrated). The dates of the lectures are December 27, 29, 1906, January 1, 3, 5 and 8, 1907, at three o'clock.—The following are the Lecture Arrangements before Easter; Professor Percy Gardner, Two Lectures on the Sculpture of Aegina in Relation to Recent Discovery; Professor A. C. Seward, Two Lectures on Survivals from the Past in the Plant World; Professor W. Stirling, Six Lectures on the Visual Apparatus of Man and Animals; Dr. W. N. Shaw, Two Lectures on Recent Advances in the Exploration of the Atmosphere; Major P. A. MacMahon, Two Lectures on The Standards of Weights and Measures; Professor W. W. Watts, Two Lectures on (i) The Building of Britain; (ii) Recent Light on Ancient Physiographies; Dr. W. Martin, Two Lectures on Old Dutch Painting and Painters; Dr. C. W. Saleeby, Two Lectures on Biology and Progress; Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Two Lectures on Latest Phases of Music (with Musical Illustrations); and Professor J. J. Thomson, Six Lectures on Röntgen, Cathode, and Positive Rays. The Evening Meetings will commence on January 18, when Sir Andrew Noble will deliver a Discourse on Fifty Years of Explosives.

Royal Geographical Society.—The Theatre, Burlington Gardens, W., on Monday, December 17, at 8.30 P.M., "Nine Years' Survey Work in Northern China and Mongolia," by Col. A. W. S. Wingates.

Society of Arts, John Street, Adelphi, at 8 P.M., Monday, December 17. Cantor Lecture: Mr. A. D. Hall, on Artificial Fertilisers, Tuesday, December 18, 8 P.M.—Applied Art Section: Basket Making, by Thomas Okey. Wednesday, December 19, at 8 P.M.—Fifth Ordinary Meeting.—"Modern Developments of Flour-Milling," by Albert E. Humphries.

Royal Microscopical Society.—Wednesday, December 19, 8 P.M. Exhibition of Slides from the Collection presented to the Society by Mr. Jas. Hilton.

Linnean Society of London.—Evening Meeting, Thursday, December 20, 8 P.M. Dr. A. B. Rendle and others. Botanical results of the third Tanganyika Expedition, 1904-5. Mr. F. Chapman, Fossil Foraminifera of Victoria.—The Balcumbian deposits of Port Phillip. Exhibition: Albino Woodlice, by Mr. Wilfred Mark Webb.

Sociological Society, 24 Buckingham Street, Strand. Monday, December 17, 8 P.M.—Mr. M. Waxweiler on Sociology as a Province of Biology.

The Jewish Historical Society of England.—University College, Gower Street, W.C. Monday, December 17, 8.30 P.M. Mr. H. S. Q. Henriques. On the Political Rights of the English Jews.

Viking Club, King's Weigh House Rooms, Thomas Street, W.—Friday, December 14, at 8.15 P.M. Sveinbjörn Sveinbjörnsson on Northern Folk-Songs, with vocal illustrations.

Art Exhibitions.—The Artificers' Guild, 9 Maddox Street. Metalwork, fabrics, Martin ware, furniture lettering.—Tooth and Sons: Winter Exhibition.—John Baillie: Tales and Towns of Italy by Jessie Bayes. Drawings by Annie French. Pastels by T. R. Way. November 28 to December 22.—Shepherds: Early British Masters.—Natural History Museum, Romford Road, Stratford: Essex Arts Club: Pictures, etc. October 22 to January 1.—Royal Society of British Artists, Suffolk Street.—T. McLean, Winter Exhibition of Cabinet Pictures by British and Foreign Artists. November 1.—New Gallery. Society of Portrait-Painters. November 7.—Messrs. Agnew. Annual Exhibition on behalf of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution.—

November 7. Goupil Gallery: Memorial Exhibition of Works by the late H. B. Brabazon. November 12. Goupil Gallery Salon.—Royal Society of Painters in Water-colours; Pall Mall East: Winter Exhibition, November 12.—New English Art Club: Dering Yard: November 19.—New Dudley Gallery. December 3. Sculpture and Drawings by Countess Feodora Gleichen. Medals and Decorative Work by Miss Elinor Hallé. Paintings by Countess Helena Gleichen.—Leicester Galleries: November 24. Arthur Rackham's "Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens." Water-colours by W. Lee Hankey, P. A. Hay, Hugh Norris, Graham Petrie and Terrick Williams.—W. B. Paterson: November 17. Pictures by W. Nicholson.—Fine Art Society: December 11. Handmade Glass Lancastrian Lustred Ware, Jewellery, Ornamental Bookwork by various artists. Cabinet Pictures of Holland by Charles Gruppé. December 12. French Towns and Dutch Dykes; Water-Colours by A. Romilly Fedden. Etchings by Axel Haig.—Royal Photographic Society, 66 Russell Square: November 6 to December 22. 11-5. Photographs by Henry W. Barrett. Admission on presentation of card.—Modern Gallery, 61 New Bond Street. *Mater Christi*, by H. Salomon. Water-colours by Miss H. Donald-Smith till December 22.—Manchester Art Gallery. Exhibition of Works of Mr. Holman Hunt, including some not on view at the Leicester Galleries.—Grafton Galleries. Women's International Art Club. Annual Exhibition, including copies of Velasquez, by Blanche Williams (Mrs. P. Somers-Cocks). December 12 to December 22.—Messrs. Dowdeswell. Water-colours of Brittany by C. G. Kennaway, December 8.—International Art Gallery, 14 King William Street, Trafalgar Square. First Exhibition, consisting of works by Modern British, French and Dutch Artists. December 12 till January 5.—Doré Gallery. Water-colour sketches of English Gardens, by Godfrey Marsh.—Graves & Co., Oil-paintings of Napoleon's retreat from Moscow, by A. Kossak and Jules Falat.

Plays: Lincoln's Inn Hall. December 12 and 14 at 8.15. December 13 and 15 at 3.15. *Eager Heart*, by A. M. Buckton.

Concert.—Queen's Hall, Monday, December 17. Richter London Symphony Orchestra at 8 P.M.

Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge: December 17 and 18. Sale of Coins and Medals. December 19, 20 and 21. Sale of Egyptian Antiquities the property of Mr. de Rustafjaell.

LITERATURE

KEATS

The Poetical Works of John Keats. Edited, with an introduction and textual notes, by H. BUXTON FORMAN, C.B. (The Clarendon Press, 7s. 6d. net.)

THIS is not an exhaustive variorum edition but "a text illustrated by readings and cancelled passages selected from the great mass of manuscript and printed material." The illustrations are fullest in the case of the finest poems. Mr. Buxton Forman considers, and no doubt rightly, that improvements which have not ended in any great excellence are of no great interest. The edition contains all the known verse of Keats, and Mr. Buxton Forman has discovered sixteen new lines on the Eve of St. Mark, in a scrapbook lent to him by Mr. Frank Sabin. These have not been printed in any other edition. They come before the passage beginning:

Als writith he of Swevenis

and like that passage are a quotation from the illuminated Legend of St. Mark, which Bertha is reading in the poem. It is not certain, Mr. Forman tells us, whether the British museum holograph was written before or after the draft of which this passage is a fragment, and so whether this passage was rejected by Keats or added as an afterthought. Mr. Forman does not print it in his text, and it cannot be said that it adds much to the poem. It is, like the rest of the quotation, a mere archaistic exercise or piece of local colour, and very likely Keats came to the conclusion that there was local colour enough without it. Still, as the Eve of St. Mark, though a mere fragment, is a masterpiece so far as it goes, we are glad to have all we can get of it.

Mr. Forman in his introduction gives a very full account of all the materials upon which this edition is based and of all discoveries that have been made of Keats's manuscripts up to the present time.

It will be remembered that in 1905 the Clarendon Press published, under the editorship of Mr. E. de Selincourt, a facsimile of the autograph manuscript of Hyperion and also the text of the Fall of Hyperion corrected and

amplified from the Woodhouse transcript, which had then recently been rediscovered. This publication in itself is enough to justify the production of a new edition of Keats's poems, at least for those who care to examine the process by which he arrived at his highest beauties. The autograph manuscript of *Hyperion* was probably intended by Keats for the printers, but he was continually inspired to revise it as he copied it out, and most of these revisions are great improvements. Keats, like Beethoven, was an artist who often slowly laboured perfection out of an idea in which only he could have seen the promise of perfection. He could, no doubt, work quickly enough at times; but he often did his best when he worked slowly, and some of his finest things came to him in the course of revision. No laws can be laid down for the processes of genius. It may accomplish its work at a blow; it may have to hunt for inspiration and seem to be casting about aimlessly until some trifling thing, a word, a rhyme or an image, inspires it and the great verses are made. One can see, for instance, from the manuscript of Milton's "Blest Pair of Syrens" that before he produced the greatest lines of that poem, he had to kindle his genius, as it were, upon fine words, writing them here and there disconnectedly upon the paper, and seeming to reach his final result rather through sound and rhythm and association than through any labour of exact thought. And in that manuscript too one can see that in the course of composition he was sometimes misled by lapses of taste. There are words too precious or too homely suggested and finally rejected no doubt for their incongruity; words which recall the fantastic poets rather than Milton. In the same way Keats was hampered by the literary fashions of his time and particularly of the clique to which he belonged. In his earlier poems he often fell a victim to these fashions, using words too pretty or too definite for their purpose, words which draw attention too violently to themselves and away from the main sense of the passage. It was natural, in the full tide of the romantic movement, that Keats, the most romantic of poets, should prefer anything to the colourless abstract vocabulary of eighteenth-century poetry; but unfortunately Leigh Hunt, his first contemporary master, had a very imperfect taste in words, which through its very imperfections was only too well calculated to infect a youth like Keats. The Cockney School, of which Leigh Hunt was the head, still flourishes among us unchastened. But now, besides writing curious little townified poems about green fields, it builds curious little townified cottages in them. It is not so Elizabethan as it was, and sometimes, instead of discovering the buttercups, it discovers "the iron lilies of the Strand" and other strange things. But whatever its fashions may be, it still has all the literary diseases of an unwholesome town life. There is no wonder that Keats should have caught these diseases in his first youth. The wonder is that he should so soon have set to work to cure himself of them with so much resolution and success. Even in *Endymion*, full as it is of Cockney excesses, the chastening process has begun. For instance, at line 407 of the first book, Keats first wrote:

Now happily, there sitting on the grass
Was fair Peona, a most tender lass.

No doubt he remembered that Shakespeare called Cleopatra "a lass unparalleled." But the word had lost all its dignity in two hundred years, and in this passage it has a very cocknified justicity. So "Peona, a most tender lass" was changed to "Peona, his sweet sister." A little further on is one of the finest of all his revisions. At line 493 he had written:

'Twas a lay
More forest wild, more subtle cadenced
Than can be told by mortal: even wed
The fainting tenors of a thousand shells
To a million whisperings of lilly bells;
And mingle too the nightingale's complain
Caught in its hundredth echo. . . .

which is pretty enough, but not above the powers of Leigh Hunt. This was shortened into:

'Twas a lay
More subtle cadenced, more forest wild
Than Dryope's lone lulling of her child—

which Leigh Hunt could not have written. It is worth remarking that the splendid second line may have been suggested to Keats by the rhyme of *child* with *wild*. Some poets have wonderful luck with rhymes. Others, alas, are unfortunate in proportion to their ingenuity.

In the autograph manuscript of *Hyperion* one can still see some faint traces of the Cockney school; but they were nearly all corrected away. They are not so much actual lapses of taste as miscalculations of effect. In his first draft Keats was sometimes definite where he ought to have been vague, and vague where he ought to have been definite. Thus he wrote:

Not so much life as what an eagle's wing
Would spread upon a field of green-ear'd corn.

Then he altered the first line to:

Not so much life as a young vulture's wing,

which is stranger but not better.

But then he saw that vulture and eagle alike had nothing to do with the case, and produced the beautiful final version,

Not so much life as on a summer's day
Robs not one light seed from the feathered grass,

which is less definite in the first line and more definite in the second, and in both cases rightly.

Before he accomplished the lines:

Upon the sodden ground
His old right hand lay nerveless, listless, dead,
Unscathed; and his realmless eyes were closed—

he had to make a choice among a good many epithets. He tried "nerveless, dead, supine," "nerveless on the ground," "ancient eyes," and "white-browed eyes." Keats always tried to make his epithets vivid and definite, and sometimes, as in the case of "white-browed," he made them too vivid and definite. But "ancient" was not vivid or definite enough. So he gave up the attempt to appeal to the eye in this case, and in the epithet "realmless" got just the mixture of pictorial vagueness and emotional exactitude which he required for the description of an "early god." Further on he had the same difficulty again with Saturn's eyes, calling them "faint-blue" at first, and then altering the epithet to "faded," another change towards vagueness. It is easy to understand why, with such a theme, he tell somewhat under the influence of Milton; for no poet knows so well as Milton when it is right to appeal to the eye, and when to the mind, in descriptions of imaginary beings.

One of the finest improvements in *Hyperion* is the following. Speaking of Thea, Keats wrote in the draught:

She would have ta'en
Achilles by the hair and bent his neck
Or with a finger eased Ixion's toil.

Then he altered the last line to:

Or with a finger stayed Ixion's wheel

The description here is not of Thea's appearance, which is rightly left vague, but of her strength, which requires to be illustrated by an example appealing to the eye. She herself remains a vast and generalised form, to which the staying of the wheel gives reality, just as a shattered tree gives reality to your idea of lightning. At line 205 of the first book a pretty fancy, of a kind common in *Endymion*, is eliminated.

Then, as was wont, his palace door flew ope,
As opes a rosebud to a fairy's lute.

So it ran in the manuscript, but Keats struck out the second line; and indeed in such a context, the entrance of Hyperion to his Palace, such prettiness suggests the Cockney School. Keats in his earlier verse was always at the mercy of fancy; and in *Endymion* it led him many an aimless dance. But in his masterpieces the incomparable richness of his fancy is controlled by imagination, as in the famous description in the *Eve of St. Agnes*:

In all the house was heard no human sound.
A chain droop'd lamp was flickering by each door;
The arras rich with horseman, hawk, and hound,
Fluttered in the besieging wind's uproar;
And the long carpets rose along the gusty floor.

Mr. Buxton Forman gives us in his notes all the preliminary attempts. The thought expressed in the epithet "besieging" promised at first to be a main part of the description. "But noise of winds besieging the high towers" is one cancelled line, and then we have "but the besieging storm," and so this fancy was gradually subordinated to the purpose of making a vivid picture. Then the lamps at first are inclined to behave as they might in the Castle of Otranto: "The lamps were flickering death shades on the walls." Keats had a good deal of trouble with them before he got them to play their part so perfectly in the whole. "The lamps were dying in—" "But here and there a lamp was flickering out," "A drooping lamp was flickering here and there"—these are all rejected attempts; and besides this we have the statement: "Without, the tempest kept a hollow roar," which, with "the noise of winds besieging the high towers," is all telescoped into "fluttered in the besieging wind's uproar." The third and fifth lines seem to have come without any preliminary attempts and very likely their success dictated the treatment of the rest.

In the process of composition Keats differed widely from Shelley, whose imagination had not usually much fancy to master, or at least not much visual fancy. In Shelley the thought was apt to rush so fast as to leave all material things behind. He relied for his effect on speed rather than on richness. He was lost in the clouds while Keats was still choosing from a multitude of flowers. It was only natural, therefore, that Keats should not care much for Shelley's poetry and should advise him to "load every rift with ore." That was his own practice, and up to the time when his powers were weakened by disease he was still embarrassed by his own wealth. He had not reached the time of life when ideas and actions seem more important than objects. He was still a child picking flowers in the meadows of Spring and content with their beauty. But he had learnt already to choose and arrange his flowers; and his intellect was proving its greatness in the exercise of a self-criticism more searching than was exercised by any other poet of his time. Also before his death, as Mr. de Séincourt has pointed out in his valuable introduction to the "Dream of Hyperion," he had grown ambitious to become something more than a poet of objects and dreams; and the "Dream of Hyperion" is an expression of this new ambition, and of his discontent with all that he had done. It is not a very successful expression, perhaps, though it is much too interesting to deserve its present neglect, but it was written when Keats was so weakened by his last illness that a new kind of poetry was beyond his powers. That he failed in it proves nothing about the limits of those powers; and he is the only poet of his time whose measure we cannot take. Shelley, no doubt, was a greater poet in actual achievement; but, though he died at thirty and though he might have written still greater poetry, probably it would not have changed in character. He had not, as Bagehot put it, "an experiencing mind." But Keats had. Like most great poets he spent his youth mainly in learning his craft, and he learnt it so well that he could write poetry magnificently in almost any

style. King Stephen is as Shakespearean as Hyperion is Miltonic. But he was not content to be either Shakespearean or Miltonic: and so both Hyperion and King Stephen are mere fragments. He wished to shake himself free of dreams of the past, and to write the great poetry of his own time. Whether or not he could have done this we cannot tell, but at least he laid broader bases for eternity than any other poet of his time.

NATIVES OF AUSTRALIA

Natives of Australia. By N. W. THOMAS, M.A. (Constable, 6s. net.)

THE native tribes of Australia are now very prominent subjects of anthropological study. They are undoubtedly very archaic communities, and represent an earlier stage in human progress than any other people of whom we have knowledge. Mr. Thomas's book on them is addressed to the curiosity of the general reader, who, commonly, cares for none of these things. The book is meant to awaken his interest, and is an introduction to a large field of study, full of disputable matter. As a rule Mr. Thomas avoids controversy, and gives the facts on which all are agreed. His knowledge of Australian arts and crafts, as represented in museums, is wide and minute. His acquaintance with the entire literature of his subject, early and late, is perhaps unrivalled. The earlier the information, the better, in some respects, it ought to be, for the first European observers saw the natives still unsophisticated, and were themselves unbiassed by many controversies which had not yet arisen. On the other hand they had not the patience and long practice and scientific training of recent observers like Professor Baldwin Spencer and Dr. Howitt. Mr. Thomas is familiar with all that has been published, early or recently, and his account of native life, in all its practices and usages, is as satisfactory as the limits and scope of his book permit. His photographs are excellent, and whether he writes on the science, art, crafts, laws, food, sports, religion, magic, or myths of the tribes, he may be studied with confidence and profit. His limits, however, make it hard for him to give a readily intelligible account of a topic which various students understand in various ways, the complex system of marriage rule, and of social organisation.

After recommending the book as learned, trustworthy, and, where lucidity is possible, lucid, we shall take a wider survey of a problem so hard as to seem insoluble with our present knowledge. In perhaps the majority of tribes, the name denoting kinship of a sort—the totem name—descends from mother to children of both sexes. In other tribes this name, with all that it involves, is inherited through the father. In very few tribes this name is not hereditary, but inheritance of all heritable things is through the father. Till recently, English inquirers have supposed that inheritance of the totem name, say Crow—with all the duties and privileges of mutual aid and kindness which are attached to the name—was originally through the mother. To inherit the name through the father was regarded by students as a great step in progress. Recently, however, Messrs. Spencer and Gillen, the celebrated explorers, with Mr. J. G. Frazer, and others, have urged that neither mode of descent of the name is more primitive than the other. A tribe might, as soon as the name became hereditary, let it pass in either line. However, it seems to be universally admitted that, while we know many cases of transference of the descent from the female to the male line, we know none of transference from the male to the female line.

A problem now arises which we cannot pretend to solve. Tribes which permit the totem to descend in the male line have a great and obvious advantage in the struggle for existence over tribes in which it descends through females. Where it descends through males society is

based both on kinship and on locality. A man is, by totem, a Crow, his sons and daughters are Crows, his sons' sons are Crows, and presently there arises a local clan of Crows, as much united by the sentiment of kinship and community of local habitation as a clan of MacLans in Glencoe. On the other hand, when the name denoting kin is inherited through mothers, any local set of people necessarily consists of a number of different totem kinships, very capable of internal dissensions. Consequently we naturally expect the people who are *solidaires* both by kin and locality to have a great advantage in organisation over people united by locality but divided in kin. If any groups started originally from male inheritance of the kin name, their power should be the greater, and their rate of progress the more rapid.

Now that does not appear to be conspicuously the case. The Australian tribes which reckon in the male line are not, in any conspicuous way, more powerful than the neighbouring tribes which count descent through mothers. This may be so because there are no intertribal wars for conquest of territory. Again, if to reckon in the male line is a social advance of which many naked tribes are capable, as they are, how did so relatively civilised a people as the Picts fail to make the advance, if they did fail?

How could "Aryans" miss a form of progress—reckoning in the male line—at which many savage black tribes have arrived? A form of progress it is, for the Greeks, in Homer's time, and the Romans as known in history, had, of course, inheritance through fathers; yet Mr. Frazer, in "Lectures on the Early History of the Kingship," gives many reasons for thinking that the early Greeks and Romans, like many Australian tribes, inherited through the mother, *in the royal line*. But was this form of succession and inheritance universal, or was it peculiar to the kingly house?

"Not one of the Roman kings was immediately succeeded by his son to the throne." In the same way, between 859 and 1034 A.D. no Scottish king was immediately succeeded by his son or grandson. Tarquinius Superbus, like Malcolm II. of Scotland, is accused of getting rid of men who would have succeeded him on the throne—if it had gone by female descent—in the interest of his own lineal descendant. Malcolm succeeded, Tarquinius failed to place a lineal descendant on his throne. Many Greek traditions, not given by Homer, point in the same direction, though perhaps they are capable of another explanation. Thus the genealogies of Highland clans, after the Norman conquest, usually make a Norman noble marry a Celtic heiress. This looks like a survival of descent through women, but it is a mere piece of genealogical snobbishness; and the Greek legends also may have arisen from the desire to claim descent from a heroic ancestor who fought at Troy. If there were no such local hero, a foreigner was put in the genealogy. But in several African kingdoms, infinitely more civilised than the Australian tribes who inherit through males, the kingship goes through royal mothers. Anybody may be the father.

We have, therefore, to choose between two solutions. (1) The Picts and Latins, though well advanced in civilisation, did not take a step in progress which dozens of Australian tribes have made. This, if true, offers a singular anomaly in social progress. Or (2) the descent in the female line, *in the royal family*, among Picts and Latins, was the result of a determination to preserve the purity of the royal blood, for "it is a wise child that knows its own father." The latter was the old explanation, and, though old, it is not necessarily erroneous. In short, unless we know that the Picts and Latins, universally, inherited through women, that the rule was not confined to the royal house, we are not obliged to suppose that female descent in the royal house, among Latins and Picts, or among Africans having male descent, is a survival of a universal custom of female descent. It may be a new rule devised for making certain that each king in turn

has royal blood in his veins. Among some Australian tribes, says Mr. Thomas, "a son would inherit the position of his father" as headman, if he possessed oratorical or other eminent ability. In South-West Australia the chief was at his death succeeded by his eldest son, unless there was some good reason to the contrary; and in Central Australia, the son of the *Alatunja*, or "head man," is succeeded by his son. Thus there is, in a very archaic society, a strong tendency towards the inheritance in the male line of such authority as exists. Therefore it seems doubtful, when kingship, in much more advanced societies, descends in the female line, that this is a survival from a period of universal female descent. Not inconceivably it may come from quite a different source—a desire to be certain of the purity of royal blood. Can we suppose that among a people so intensely agnatic and devoted to *patria potestas* as the historical Romans were, the probable female descent of the kingship was a direct survival of the age when such descent was universal?

The present writer at one time inclined to that opinion, in the case of the Picts. But he does not find any cases, where female descent is the universal rule, of any form of authority being inherited in the female line; while, among Australian tribes where inheritance of authority exists it is inherited from fathers.

ANDREW LANG.

A BOOK OF GERMAN REVELATIONS

Memoirs of Prince Chlodwig of Hohenlohe-Schillingsfuerst.
Edited by FRIEDRICH CURTIUS for Prince Alexander of Hohenlohe-Schillingsfuerst. Translated by GEORGE W. CHRYSTAL, B.A. (Heinemann, 24s. net.)

WHEN this book appeared in its original dress it naturally created a considerable sensation in Germany. Prince Hohenlohe had for two generations held a very high place in European politics, and it was known that his memoirs would cast some light on obscure phases of history. Probably, if he had lived long enough to write his autobiography, his discretion would have come into play, and much that set the gossips talking when these Memoirs were first published would have been omitted altogether. But he left his papers to Dr. Friedrich Curtius, who has more than the usual German love of amassing and publishing documents; and he has thrown his material into a couple of large, and truth to say, somewhat heavy volumes. Students of politics will no doubt toil conscientiously through the nine hundred odd pages, but we question whether any one will make this exploration for pleasure. On the other hand, there are a number of episodes in the life of Prince Hohenlohe and in the history of Germany that the curious will turn to with interest. It need scarcely be said that the dominating figure in the book is that of Prince Bismarck. The simple entry "Bismarck, Prince Otto von," is followed by about three hundred references in the index, and this will give an idea of the extent to which the Iron Chancellor fills the stage. Prince Hohenlohe says very characteristically that while he was in power he dominated all, but after his retirement other and smaller personalities swelled like sponges. The relations between Bismarck and the Emperor are discussed in many pages of reading as interesting as any to be found within the covers of these volumes. The light shed on the negotiations preceding the Franco-Prussian War are also of historical value. The account of the plenipotentiaries who met to discuss what afterwards became the Treaty of Berlin is described with acuteness of vision, and there are many other portions of the book that cannot fail to command attention; but, as we have said, to read it as a whole is a formidable task. Among his many interests Prince Hohenlohe did not number a devotion to letters, and accordingly literature and its professors are not often mentioned here.

THE TEXT OF SHAKESPEARE

The Complete Works of William Shakespeare. Reprinted from the First Folio. Edited by CHARLOTTE PORTER and H. A. CLARKE. With an Introduction by JOHN CHURTON COLLINS. In 13 vols. (Harrap, £4 4s. and £2 2s.)
The First Editors of Shakespeare, Pope and Theobald. By THOMAS R. LOUNSBURY. (Nutt, 10s. 6d. net.)

THE reading public cannot be too grateful to the editors and publishers of this Shakespeare for bringing within their easy reach that which has hitherto been accessible only to millionaires and scholars. The general reader, writes Professor Churton Collins, has :

for upwards of two centuries and a half . . . taken what the poet's editors have chosen to give him, and what they have given him has been a concoction the quality and characteristics of which have been determined partly by the idiosyncrasies of particular editors, and partly by the literary tastes and fashions of particular epochs. In fact, the text of Shakespeare presents, in the nature of the modifications it has undergone, an exact analogy to the exhibition of his dramas on the stage. Hamlet, as represented by Burbage and Lewen, by Betterton, by Garrick, by Booth, by Fechter, by Irving, and under the scenic and theatrical conditions in which they represented him, differed scarcely more than the text of the drama as it appears successively in the First Folio, the editions of Rowe, of Theobald, of Hanmer, of Warburton, of Capell, of the Variorum editors, of Andrew Becket, of Charles Knight, of J. Payne Collier, and of the Cambridge editors. The history of Shakespeare's text is, in fact, the history of a text corrupted beyond all precedent of corruption.

The earlier story of this process may be admirably read in the second book that appears at the head of this article. Dr. Lounsbury, with a learning, a penetration and a scholarly thoroughness beyond all praise, has added to his already invaluable Shakespearean labours by attacking the thorny subject of Pope, Theobald, and the text of Shakespeare; has cleared the tangled brake and disclosed matters which had been long forgotten; and, if the main point of his book concerns, necessarily, the eighteenth rather than the sixteenth century, it is a chapter in literary history that needed to be written before Shakespeare could properly come to his own.

What was once his own, or what stands *prima facie* a greater chance of being his own than any other text, is that of the First Folio here reprinted *verbatim* and almost *literatim* (the editors have disused the long s, printed *them* for its abbreviation *the* and adopted the modern usage of *i* and *j* and *u* and *v*) in thirteen handy little volumes, which contain also valuable introductions on the sources and history of the plays, and all the known portraits of Shakespeare.

The story of the First Folio is as follows. In Elizabethan days, as Dr. Lounsbury points out, the playwright cared no more for the manuscript of his play than the modern journalist for that of his article. It never occurred to Shakespeare to collect or publish (and the fact bears on the views of the Baconian theorists) work that was done not for the library, like the poems, but for the theatre. The plays were sometimes taken down by stenographers and published in inaccurate form. In 1623, seven years or so after Shakespeare's death, his friends and fellow players, John Heminge and Henry Condell, published in folio all the plays of his they could obtain (probably all he wrote except *Pericles*), and they rounded on the Quartos for being "stolne, and surreptitious copies, maimed, and deformed by the frauds and stealthes of injurious impostors." For all that, criticism has shown (the story is admirably told by Dr. Churton Collins) that in five complete plays the First Folio simply reproduced the Quartos; that in passages of (probably) nine other plays, the editor of the Quartos must have had access to the original manuscripts, and that in certain other plays the printer of the Folio used not the original manuscript but a transcript made for the theatre and "cut" possibly by the author himself. The text of the First Folio, then, is not perfect. It is marred, too, by a healthy crop of printer's errors of its own, due sometimes to want of revision, sometimes to the difficulty of deciphering a bad handwriting. How bad Shakespeare's hand may have

been may be partly judged, perhaps, from his signature, which, if it be a fair specimen, would certainly entitle him, as Dr. Churton Collins suggests, to be called "the terror of compositors."

The text, however, if not perfect, is of inestimable value. It gives, for one thing, the text of twenty plays which appear in it alone, which might, therefore, but for it, have been lost to the world. For another, it preserves phrases and words which most subsequent editors have altered through not understanding them, but which more recent scholarship is coming gradually to find correct and full of meaning. Its spelling and punctuation, again, are, as Dr. Churton Collins states, in the main, and especially in the great passages, very carefully revised. The effect of reading the passages with their capitals, spelling and stops as in the First Folio is to find constant revelations of new beauties in rhythm and sense. And an edition like this, which supplies within brackets what does not appear in the Folio (*e.g.*, several important passages of *Hamlet*) is a treasure that no Shakespearean student, even the humblest, can well be without.

It does not do to be too hard on those who have amended and altered the text of the First Folio. It was to an editor, to Theobald, that we owe one of the most beautiful things in "Shakespeare." Of Falstaff's death the Quartos and First Folio make Mrs. Quickly say: "his Nose was as sharp as a Pen, and a Table of greene fields." One emendation was to make of the last words a stage direction—that here (or perhaps elsewhere in the play) was to be brought on a table belonging to Mr. Greenfield, possibly a property master. Theobald, with an apostrophe and two letters made of it this: "and a' babbled of greene fields," a phrase as exquisite in its context as anything in literature. Still, the instances collected in Dr. Churton Collins's introduction of the harm that has arisen from tampering with the text of the First Folio amount of themselves to a terrible warning; and those who have never studied that text will find in these volumes a world of new beauty and meaning awaiting them, which even the best of the composite texts does not contain.

TWO JESTERS AND A PHILOSOPHER

The Placid Pug and other Rhymes. By THE BELGIAN HARE (LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS). (Duckworth, 3s. 6d.)

Misrepresentative Women and other Verses. By HARRY GRAHAM. (Arnold, 5s.)

The Crackling of Thorns. By DUM-DUM. (Constable, 3s. 6d. net.)

"It may not perhaps be not altogether out of place," say the Belgian Hare's publishers, "to state that these rhymes are not intended primarily for children." A first glance at the poems makes the caution seem unnecessary. What should children do with the profound thought, the lofty symbolism, the spacious philosophy, that inform every line of these expositions of spiritual law in the natural world? Philosophy is not, we know, harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose; but the ease and felicity of the Belgian Hare's diction and the music of his rhymes will not blind the enlightened reader to the moral and sociological import of such poems as the "Ballad for Bishops" or the "Versicles for Vegetarians"; while in the "Dirge for Departed Candidates" we have a fine example of a rare species in literature—the examination of a whole system of philosophy conveyed in terms of pure poetry. Mr. Arthur Symonds would probably quarrel with the poem because it has a meaning besides a sound; but we would ask whether any one can find a parallel, in lyric beauty combined with trenchant philosophical wisdom, for this stanza:

Mere non-belief in his existence may
 Seem, to one emptying a festive flagon
 In the interior of the "Wasp and Wagon,"
 A very trifling matter anyway.
 But it is most annoying to the Dragon.

And the statement disposes at once and for ever of the whole of the idealist system of metaphysics. *Irascor—ergo sum*, says the Dragon; and Johnson's thump of the stick, Napoleon's "Who made all those?", the famous Occam's Razor: *Entia non sunt multiplicanda practer necessitatem*, fade into insignificance as final statements.

Occam's *dictum* might be raised, perhaps, by untutored minds as a strong objection to the sociological thesis put forward in the "Ballad for Bishops":

For if a nation's moral status
Be measured by prolific habit,
Between man and the meanest rabbit
There is an evident hiatus.

Each year, by lowest computations,
Six times the rabbit rears her young,
And frequent marriages among
The very closest blood relations

In very tender years ensure
A constant stream of "little strangers,"
Who, quickly grown to gallant rangers,
See that their families endure.

But our author has the courage of his opinions: he sees his subject from the point of view of the Coney Hatch, and his teaching comes pat as a valuable support to Father Bernard Vaughan's efforts to secure large families.

We will close our quotations from the work of this epoch-making poet with a simple moral lesson, charged with the profundity of the great thinker and the sweet humility, the wide charity, the lofty patience, of a great soul. He is speaking of the Crab:

No serious student of his life and ways
Will venture to impugn his common sense;
His tact and moderation win high praise
Even from those whose faculties are dense
And blind to the false issues which they raise
When they accuse him of malevolence.

"But, ah!" these shallow hide-bound pedants cry,
"If to the Crab all virtues you concede,
If his intentions are not evil, why
This sidelong walk, these flanking steps that lead
To no advancement of Humanity,
No exaltation of the mortal breed?" . . .

Peace, peace, the Crab adopts a side-long walk,
For reasons still impossible to see.
And if his pride permitted him to talk
To any one who did not do as he,
His instinct would be, probably, to balk
The hopes of vulgar curiosity.

And while the schoolmen argue and discuss,
And fill the air with "whats," and "whens," and "whys,"
And demonstrate as: thus, and thus, and thus,
The Crab will pulverise their theories,
And put an end to all this foolish fuss
By walking sideways into Paradise.

After the perusal of these lofty rhymes, a volume which bears on its flyleaf the warning: "No admittance except on pleasure" must inevitably seem frivolous, worldly, and hollow. Mr. Harry Graham writes (we blush to state it) of Women, Misrepresentative Women. Sometimes, it is true, his muse rises to great heights; his Pegasus soars with unabated wing so high as the consideration of Miss Corelli and Mrs. Grundy. On the other hand his worldly fancy leads him astray to dwell with pleasure on shocking characters like Eve and persons of inadequate sense of respectability like Lady Godiva. But though Mr. Graham is sadly tarred with the brush of this evil world, we must confess—with pain, but with conviction—that we have been hugely amused—have caught ourselves laughing aloud—at his clever, ingenious and sparkling verses. We could only wish that so great gifts as his had been devoted to a higher cause.

The work of "Dum-Dum" is well known, and we need say no more here than that "The Crackling of Thorns" contains all the neat wit, the unobtrusive scholarship, the geniality and the charm of the best of Mr. Kendall's work. No anthology of humorous verse will be complete in future without "Love's Colours."

FORMAL LOGIC

Reason, Thought, and Language. By DOUGLAS MACLEAN, M.A. (Frowde, 15s. net.)

THIS is a pleasantly written, discursive, fairly comprehensive book on logic, and a notable feature of it is the unusual number, variety, and freshness of the examples given. Its main object is stated to be "to strengthen and revivify Formal Logic," and—oddly enough—to do so "by bringing it into closer connection with the living facts of thought and speech."

Such a novel attempt naturally excites the reader's curiosity, since it has hitherto been the attacks on Formal Logic which claim to take especial notice of the living facts referred to. But it soon appears that Mr. Maclean means at different times two very different things by Formal Logic, and that the only defence of tradition he seriously attempts is directed—successfully enough—against a well-known intemperate attack on the Syllogism, made more than twenty years ago, and never reprinted. It is certainly worth while to recognise that all reasoning is syllogistic, but one may at the same time see that formality in logic is only a partly necessary evil, to be discouraged as far as possible; for instance, to the extent of discarding the doctrine of mood and figure, and all that has crept in merely for the sake of it.

Stated shortly, the chief objection which Mr. Maclean has failed to meet is that the more intentionally formal our logic the less can the actual risk of "ambiguous middle" be taken into account. And those who bring the charge explain further that the type of really misleading ambiguity is not simply "a word with two meanings," but any word which is insufficiently defined. The point that is generally missed in this explanation is the qualification "insufficiently." One of the most troublesome of the facts of thought and language is that a definition which suffices for one purpose does not always suffice for another; for instance, it may be true that Smith is a poet, if we mean merely a man who writes verses, but not if we restrict the name to those whose verses are above a certain standard of poetic inspiration. Take any syllogism whose minor premiss says that Smith is a poet, and how are we to deal fairly with the question whether such a syllogism has three terms or four unless we are prepared to ask also in what different senses the premisses are true and false? But then we open the floodgates of those very inquiries into the "matter" which Formal Logic neglects of set design. This is the point which a defender of Formal Logic has nowadays to deal with, and especially if he wishes to take the living facts of thought and language into account. It is not enough to protest, as Mr. Maclean does, that the new logic is as different from the old as a cuckoo from a hedge-sparrow in the latter's nest. Metaphors are cheap, and perhaps the new logic should rather be likened to the railways that killed the coaching industry. At any rate both kinds of logic—if for the moment we allow the newcomer to use the name—recognise that a syllogism with an ambiguous middle is invalid; and the new logic claims to guard better than the old against this pervasive and important kind of fallacy. On what ground—except that of disliking trouble—shall we decide to keep out of sight the kind of ambiguity which, being least obvious to the careless reasoner, is most effectively misleading?

Nevertheless the freedom of Mr. Maclean's illustrations is a step in the right direction, and may by itself help the reader to see how actual reasoning, when its validity is questioned, raises problems of interpretation. Once discover that the validity of a syllogism depends on what its premisses are "meant to mean" and we are well on the way towards seeing that we cannot push questions of interpretation far enough to guard against the four-term fallacy without raising the question how far the premisses are true in fact. In other words, no subtle ambiguity of a middle term can be detected except through inquiries into the matter.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS

BOOKS FOR BOYS—II

"FOR THE ADMIRAL," by W. J. Marx (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.), is a tale which every man who contemplates writing a book for boys should be compelled to read. It is a model which he would do well to follow; for Mr. Marx, though he has done good work before, has never done anything to equal this. Lack of space prevents our doing full justice to it, and we will not spoil the readers' enjoyment by giving them a synopsis. It is by much the best book of its kind sent us for review this season, and stands head and shoulders above its rivals. Not its least merit is that it is original and owes nothing to any book that we have read. It won the *Bookman* £100 prize, and it deserved to win it. It is an exceptionally well-written and clever piece of work which should take its place among boys' classics.

Of the many books dealing with the subject of exploration sent us, not the least valuable is a handsomely illustrated volume entitled "The World's Exploration Story," by Albert Lee (5s.), sent us by Mr. Melrose. Mr. Lee's object has been to give his readers not only an account of the progress of exploration from the earliest times (and we are glad, by the way, that he does not confine himself to the achievements of British explorers), but also a good working geographical knowledge of the countries of which he writes. His book is a valuable compilation, and we should like to see it in every school library.—"The Lost Explorers," by Alexander Macdonald (Blackie, 6s.), though not of the same value as Mr. Lee's book, is a fine piece of work, which we place many degrees higher than the bulk of tales of adventure written for boys. It deals with the experiences of two boys who, after digging for gold in Australia, in the company of a Scotsman, set out across the "trackless desert" in search of a mysterious mountain. Mr. Macdonald knows the country, and he bases his book on actual experiences. He writes well, and his characterisation is excellent.—"Among the Dark Mountains, or Cast Away in Sumatra," by David Ker (Blackie, 3s. 6d.), is another book based on the author's own experiences. It is packed with exciting incidents—one of the best of which is the account of the eruption of Krakatoa. Mr. Ker's descriptive passages are charming; and his book, taken as a whole, is one of the best that has come into our hands, and worth more than the modest price asked for it.—"Stories of South Pole Adventure," by Frank Mundell (Sunday School Union, 1s. 6d.) is a readable and unpretentious little book, as good as it could be within its limits.

Mr. Michael Macmillan's "The Last of the Peshwas" (Blackie, 2s. 6d.) is a splendid story of the third Maratha War, full of perilous adventures, and in every way worthy of the author of "Tales of Indian Chivalry" and "In Wild Maratha Battle."—In "The Boy Hero of Erin," Mr. Charles Squire, the author of an excellent little popular work on "The Mythology of Ancient Britain and Ireland," re-tells the exploits of Cuchulain and the Champions of the Red Branch of Ulster. It is well done, and we hope Mr. Squire will continue his work and re-tell many more of the old mythological romances of Ireland.—Mr. George Manville Fenn, in "Tention!" (Chambers, 5s.), tells a stirring story of the Peninsular War with his customary skill and spirit. His two heroes, a private and a bugler, become separated from their comrades on the march, and the book is chiefly concerned with their adventures before they rejoin the ranks.—Another rousing tale of adventure sent us by the same publishers is "Foray and Fight," by John Finnemore (3s. 6d.), the scene of which is laid in the Balkans.—Mr. Everett McNeil appears to be a practised hand, though we do not remember to have read any of his stories before. "The Lost Treasure

Cave" (Chambers, 5s.) is a capital account of experiences with the cowboys of Colorado, which few boys will be able to put aside till the last page is turned—and read. We hope Mr. McNeil will fulfil his promise of a sequel.—"Jack Haydon's Quest" (by John Finnemore. Black, 5s.) was for treasure and a missing father, and it led him into many exciting experiences in Burma, which Mr. Finnemore recounts with skill.—Mr. Walkey's large circle of admirers will not be disappointed with his "Kidnapped by Pirates" (Warne, 3s. 6d.). His hero is a fine character, who, we cannot help thinking, has faced sufficient adventures to last him for the rest of his life.—Messrs. Nelson send us a nicely illustrated and well-printed book by Mr. Harold Avery, entitled "Firelock and Steel," a story of the "good old days" (5s.), which, though the opening chapters are not strikingly original, grows enthralling as the reader proceeds. It is much better written than the majority of boys' books, it is not overweighted with horror piled on horror's head, and there is about it a more healthy tone than pervades the majority of stories of a similar kind. It is a book we can confidently recommend to any one wishing to make a handsome present to a boy of any age over ten.—Mr. W. J. Marx's "The Gold Hunters" (S.P.C.K.) is worth more than the half-crown asked for it. It is full of adventure—an exciting incident to almost every chapter—and makes excellent reading.—"King by Combat," by Fred Whishaw (Cassell, 3s. 6d.), is a well-told tale of "a fight for power in a wild land"—Rhodesia. Mr. Whishaw knows how to handle his characters, and there is plenty of good fighting in his pages.—In "Deerfoot in the Forest" (Cassell, 2s. 6d.) Mr. Edward S. Ellis, following the precedent of Cooper's Leather-Stocking, brings his hero to life again. The series of adventures which fill the present volume will convince his admirers that his vitality is undiminished. He is the same old hero.—Mr. Frank Powell has certainly found an idea which is at least original in "The Wolf-Men" (Cassell, 3s. 6d.), a tale of adventures in a subterranean country discovered by certain explorers on their way to the North Pole. The author has more than a suggestion of the power and imagination of Jules Verne.

"The Duffer," by R. S. Warren-Bell (Nelson, 5s.), though neither a tale of school-life nor a procession of exciting adventures, should have a large circle of readers among boys who have grown weary of the sameness of the fare provided for them. "The Duffer," as George Dennet is called by his class-mates, does not like school, but he goes a little further in his dislike than most boys, and gets himself expelled. The scapegrace hero, however, is not without strength and manliness, and an artist friend succeeds in bringing out the best that is in him. Mr. Warren-Bell writes naturally, and his story is well illustrated; the "get-up," as in all Messrs. Nelson's books, is excellent.—From the same publishers comes a very valuable book entitled "How it Works," by Archibald Williams, which deals in simple language with steam, electricity, light, heat, sound, hydraulics, etc., and with their application to apparatus in common use. Here the reader will find explained in a concise, straightforward manner the working of everything from a locomotive or a motor-car to a bunsen burner or a Westinghouse brake. The book is profusely illustrated with helpful diagrams, and we are glad to note that an index has been provided. We do not know how the publishers managed to produce it for three-and-six.

Little need be said of the stories of school life. We found Mr. Robert Leighton as good as ever in "Monitor at Megson's" (Cassell, 3s. 6d.). He has the merit of never being dull or tiresome.—Mr. Harold Avery, in "Play the Game" (Nelson, 3s. 6d.), gives us an old dish—the story of the boy suspected and cleared of suspicion in the closing chapters—with new garnishing; and Mr. Fred Whishaw strikes one note of originality in "The Boys of Brierley Grange" (Chambers, 3s. 6d.). All three books are undistinguished, but readable.

We have received from Messrs. Blackie new editions

of "Lords of the World," a tale of the fall of Carthage and Corinth, by A. J. Church (3s. 6d.); "Olaf the Glorious," a historical story of the Vikings, by Robert Leighton (3s.); "Bunyip Land," a tale of adventure in New Guinea, by George Manville Fenn (3s.); "To Greenland and the Pole," by Gordon Stables (3s.); "A Thane of Wessex," a story of the Viking raids into Somerset, by Charles W. Whistler (2s. 6d.); "King Olaf's Kinsmen," a story of the last Saxon struggle against the Danes, by Charles W. Whistler (2s. 6d.), and Henty's "With Clive in India"; "Condemned as a Nihilist," a story of escape from Siberia; "Under Wellington's Command"; and "Both Sides the Border," a tale of Hotspur and Glendower, in a uniform edition at 3s. 6d. each, well bound and well printed.

Two handsome volumes sent us by Messrs. Cassell and the R.T.S. respectively, are the bound volumes of "Chums" (8s.), and "The Boys' Own Paper" (8s.).

BOOKS FOR SMALL CHILDREN

"THE BOOK OF GILLY," by the Hon. Emily Lawless (Smith, Elder, 6s. 6d. net) is the story of four months of a boy's life spent on an island off the Kerry coast. It is delightfully written and has all the charm of Kerry hills and lakes, and the music of the Kerry brogue.—"The Land of Play" (Arnold, 3s. 6d.) consists of four charming little stories: "Luck Child," "The Princess and the Ordinary Little Girl," "Professor Green," and "A Position of Trust," of which the first is the best. Mr. Gilbert James's illustrations are worthy of the text.—Among the stream of children's books which pour from the press at this season of the year, one looks instinctively for one from the pen of "E. Nesbit." This Christmas she has given us "The Story of the Amulet" (Unwin, 6s.): a delightful book, destined to be read and re-read by (or to) her small admirers, before a glowing fire on many a chill winter's day. For that is the time to appreciate Mrs. Hubert Bland.—All that makes Christmastide a season of enchantment to children is described by Miss Evelyn Sharp in "The Child's Christmas" (Blackie, 6s. net). Miss Sharp writes simply and well, and though many of the colour illustrations are very crude and the faces of the children remind us of the rag-dolls of our childhood, the publishers have turned out a very handsome volume. Mr. Robinson's black-and-white drawings are excellent.—In "The Enchanted Land" (Jack, 7s. 6d. net), Mrs. Louey Chisholm tells old tales over again in childlike, poetic prose; but here again many of the colour pictures are insipid and leave a great deal to be desired. Miss Cameron can do better.—The letterpress of "Blackie's Children's Annual" (3s. 6d.) is varied and, on the whole, good, and the volume contains capital illustrations.—The same may be said of Messrs. Ward, Lock's "Wonder Book" (3s. 6d.), which is really good value for the money. Both cover and frontispiece are excellent and the end-papers are the best we have seen for a long time.—To their series of "Animal Autobiographies," Messrs. Black have added a new volume: "The Fox," by J. C. Tregarthen (6s.)—a cleverly and brightly written book which should find many readers. We may question whether the reverent young cub would habitually speak of its mother as "the vixen," but the class of reader for whom the book is designed is not critical in such matters, and we can heartily recommend "The Life-Story of the Fox" as an excellent gift-book. The illustrations are good and well reproduced.—A nature book at once useful and interesting—free from technicalities and well written—is Mr. R. B. Lodge's "The Story of Hedgerow and Pond" (Kelly, 5s. net). The coloured illustrations and the pen-and-ink sketches in the margin are much better than those one is accustomed to find in works of this class.—"The Book of Animals," by Horace G. Groser (Melrose, 5s. net), is full of information for a boy with a turn for

natural history, but the volume (284 pp. only) is nearly as weighty as one of the "Encyclopædia Britannica."

Messrs. Jack's beautifully illustrated editions of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" and the Lambs' "Tales from Shakespeare" are volumes which it is now the ambition of every child to possess. This year they send us a "Child's Life of Jesus" by C. M. Steedman, illustrated by Paul Woodroffe (10s. 6d. net), in the same series. It is beautifully bound, printed on good paper, and well written—an ideal present were it not for the illustrations. They are the poorest we have ever met in a volume published by Messrs. Jack. Frankly, we consider them revolting. They are calculated not only to spoil a really good book—to destroy its chances of the success it merits—but to undo any good which the text, by the simplicity and beauty of its teaching, might do. It is the best child's Life of Jesus we have read, but we shall cut out the illustrations before putting it into the hands of any small friend of ours.—The stories in the "Flower Fairy Tale Book," by Isabella C. Blackwood (Nutt, 5s.) will prove attractive reading to the young. Mr. Bishop-Culpeper's illustrations are very fine.—In "Grimm's Household Stories," illustrated by Dorothy Furniss (1s.), and "Pictorial Rhymes and Verses," with drawings by M. Edwards (S.P.C.K.), the children will welcome old favourites which never lose their freshness.

From Mr. George Allen come two of the best little books of the season, "The Man in the Moon" and "The Adventures of Mr. Rabbit and Uncle Fox," both by S. L. Bensusan. The first is an original fairy tale and the second an adaptation from the "Tales of Uncle Remus," and they form the opening volumes of a new Lilliput series (1s. 6d. each). Mr. Bensusan has found in "Carton Moorepark" an admirable interpreter of his charmingly written tales.—Mr. Harry Rountree's illustrations to "The Young Gullivers" (Cassell, 1s. 6d.) are worthy of a much better story than Mr. Hamer tells.—A selection of "Grimm's and Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales" (Blackie, 5s.) makes a fine volume, suitably illustrated by Miss Helen Stratton.—"The Old Man Book" (Lane, 3s. 6d.) is a collection of limericks which can have no possible attraction for a child, while an adult will find many of them merely vulgar. The pictures are the best part of the book.—The same criticism applies to "Round de Ole Plantation" (Blackie, 2s. 6d.), by G. F. Christie. The text consists of "coon songs" suitable for the "niggers" who people the beach at Yarmouth.—"Little Pickles" (Blackie, 1s. 6d.) comprises a series of verses which depend chiefly on the illustrations for their effectiveness.—"The Browns: a Book of Bears" (Chambers, 3s. 6d.), by B. and N. Parker is a capital book, and contains very charming pictures. Bruin has never had better interpreters.—From the same publishers comes "The House That Glue Built" (3s. 6d. net), by C. A. and G. A. Williams, a very original and ingenious idea. There are pictures of the various rooms and their furniture—the latter to be cut out and pasted down in the dining-room, library, bedrooms, and so on. It is a book to engross the attention of an enterprising child for many a dark December day.

"Five-Minute Stories," by Mrs. Laura E. Richards (Allenson, 5s.) is full of variety. The author seems to have anticipated the children's every mood and fancy, and the simplicity of language which characterises the book is not its least charm.—"The Silver Crown" (Allenson, 2s. 6d. net) is a smaller volume by the same author, full of pretty fancies.—Mrs. Edwin Hohler, a niece of Mrs. Molesworth, has written an attractive little Christmas story in "Peter" (Constable, 3s. 6d.). To the small hero belongs a fine old English bulldog who plays as important a part as his master. The book is well written and there is no straining after effect.—Mrs. Molesworth herself—who needs no recommendation from us—has added to her long list another story for children, entitled "Jasper" (Macmillan, 4s. 6d.).—The bound volume of "St. Nicholas" (Macmillan, 6s.)

is, as usual, full of good things.—"The Escape of the Mullingong" (Blackie, 5s.), by Mr. G. E. Farrow, is a long way "after" "Alice in Wonderland," and Mr. Gordon Browne's pictures are as good as the text—and no better.—Messrs. Jack's series "Told to the Children" is so well known that it is unnecessary for us to say more than that this year's volumes are as good as their predecessors. Of a new series entitled "The Children's Heroes"—issued by the same publishers—we have received volumes on Sir Francis Drake, Lord Roberts, and Lord Clive (1s. 6d. net each). They are admirably done.

AT NIGHTFALL

THE shadows fall,
The night is near,
She spreads her pall
Ghostly and drear.

The stir of toil,
The noise of play,
The hum and moil
Fade with the day.

And brooding sleep
With guardian wing
Her watch will keep
O'er everything.

The leaves shiver
At breath of night;
Reeds in the river
Shake with delight.

Silence grows deep,
No sound is heard
Save the bells of the sheep,
The wing of a bird.

Sweet Sleep o'er all
Her spell has cast.
The shadows fall,
The day is past.

D. M. C.

NUGÆ SCRIPTORIS

XII. WOMAN

To what do the later centuries, and our western civilisation, owe the recognition of woman as man's equal, and not his inferior or his servant? How has it come about that all the nobler spirits of our race now act on that belief? It has been a long and slow evolution out of many lower states and inharmonious elements, but the dispassionate student of history cannot fail to note the change that has been wrought both in the belief and practices of the race on this matter since the commencement of the Christian Era. Although it has commingled with earlier elevating influences, it is sometimes forgotten

that what we now rejoice in is almost entirely the product of the Christian Ethic; that it is due to the growth and working of the "grain of mustard seed," which has become so mighty a tree that the birds of the air lodge in its branches, to quote from one of the ancient parables of the Kingdom.

It is not, however, the emancipation of women from the fetters by which they used to be held down, when "cabined, cribbed, confined," within a monotonous circle of demands by taskmasters, that is now referred to. It is their own proved capacity for higher things that has brought about their freedom from these restraints. But the new type of character which has grown up and flourished under that Tree "whose leaves are for the healing of the nations," has neither been fully appraised, nor always traced to its historic source. In its intrinsic nature it is wholly immeasurable by utilitarian standards. As to its origin it is customary in certain quarters to set it down to the "increasing purpose" of the ages, and the slow evolution of cosmic forces, which have differentiated it from age to age, without any special heritage from Palestine. It is said that the rights as well as the duties of women were recognised both in Greece and Rome, and that provision was made for their realisation. Those who affirm this should surely offer proof of the assertion. There were a few cultivated women in these countries—poets, artists, even philosophers—but their "sphere" was limited to the commonplaces of domestic work. It was often not only menial, but degraded; and it was not until the leaven of Christianity had time to permeate the world, to transfigure its earlier ideals—and to reverse some of them—that real justice was done to women. If we take our stand on the facts of authentic history, we are in a position to affirm that the new type of character, in which the world now rejoices, entered into the world at the birth of Christ. It has been fostered through the reverence paid for centuries to the blessed Virgin; and, in Catholic lands, adoration has kept it up. But it has permeated the world by passing over the visible boundaries of the Church which created it, interpenetrating Christendom. Its influence has also "gone out into all lands, and its words to the ends of the world." As a result, a new type of graciousness has been developed in woman; and this has reacted in the elevation, and refinement, of the characters of men.

There is no kind of influence which men receive from men, leading to that elevation and refinement, at all comparable to what they obtain from women. It is, as a poet puts it,

An overseeing power to kindle and restrain,

And similarly, there is no influence that women receive from women at all comparable in strength to that which they obtain from men. But, in both cases, the elevation and refinement are due to those influences which the Christian Religion has brought into prominence, and kindled into life. We can trace its many phases from the child to the girl, from the maiden to the matron, and from her to the aged lady. We see it in the new value given to infant life since the Christian era began, in the wondering instincts of girlhood, in the pure devotion of joyous life-companionship, in the sanctity of maternal care, in the serene beauty and glory of old age. Take one of them, as an example of the rest, the unfolding of the promises of infancy in girlhood. A great physician once said to the writer: "I have had large experience of men and women, and I tell you there is nothing in all God's universe so beautiful as the character of a noble, well-trained English girl. It is the loveliest thing God ever made; its affection, its purity, its aspiration, its sympathy, its self-sacrifice, its gracious goodness; but we owe it all to Jesus Christ. The fashionable world often kills it, the ambition to be known and admired always takes its bloom away; *but*, in its exalted purity, there is nothing like it to be seen, and known, and rejoiced in, throughout all this world of ours."

And this leads on to the many-sided charm which every refined spirit knows. The name of Lady is, like

The grand old name of Gentleman,
Profaned by every charlatan,

often "soiled by ignoble use," and still oftener misapplied. But what does it include within its all-embracing fulness? This may be stated both positively and negatively. It includes refinement, gentleness, unassumingness, reserve, sincerity, trustfulness, restraint, graciousness; politeness, joyousness, consideration for others, with no love of display, of gossip or frivolity for gossip or frivolity's sake, no loud laughter, or rattling talkativeness, but sweet gentle speech, endless tact, self-effacement, appreciation of others; no artificiality, no mimicry of rank, no desire to be in the swim, to be known of all, or praised by every one; no envy or jealousy, but ceaseless readiness to help other people in works of service. It is not meant that these phases are always to be seen in union, or juxtaposition. They are often latent elements in a character that is many-sided, although its root is one. Their existence in varying degrees gives variety to the stem, and beauty to the flower and leaf, while all are sprung from a central root. At the same time their evolution from that root does not prevent the grafting of additional branches from other trees.

How different they all are from the noisy clamour of the suffragettes—appalling word—those stern advocates of women's rights, with their demand for entrance into the rough arena of masculine achievement, their claim for an equality that would unsex them, in its crude rivalry and indiscriminate ambition. They are the outcome of the noblest altruism, an altruism so disinterested as to be beyond the vision of the self-seeker. Attainments of every sort are prized, all excellences are coveted, but they are rejoiced in less as personal possessions than as gifts conferred for use.

Here again the poets help us. They write of the "domestic Queen, where grandeur is unknown." And of the maiden:

High is her aim as heaven above,
And wide as ether her good will;
And like the lowly reed, her love
Can drink its nurture from the scantiest rill:
Insight as keen as frosty star
Is to her charity no bar,
Nor interrupts her frolic graces
When she is, far from these wild places,
Encircled by familiar faces.

O the charm that manners draw,
Nature, from thy genuine law!

She, in benign affections pure,
In self-forgetfulness secure,
Sheds round the transient harm, or vague mischance,
A light unknown to tutored elegance.

So far some characteristics of the girl, "whose blushes are joy-flushes"; and of the woman, the same poet writes:

I saw her upon nearer view,
A Spirit, yet a Woman too!
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

A Being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect Woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a Spirit still, and bright
With something of angelic light.

The formation and development of ideal friendship has been largely due to remote ancestral influences, unconsciously inherited from past generations. But it is more

frequently the result of those ties which originate in conscious experience; and there can be little doubt, again to refer to what is central, that the influence of the character of woman on man, and of man on woman—to exalt, ennoble, consolidate, and advance—is the supremest influence at work in this world. It gives the freshest impetus to all endeavour. It dispels life-weariness, and that terrible *ennui* that is so often due to the decay of enthusiasm. Every one knows the state produced by long pondering of "the riddle of the painful earth," when the questions arise, "*cui bono?*" "Is life worth living, with all its dreariness and pettiness?" "Is continuance on this earth desirable when even new excitements lose their interest in the fierce struggles for existence, when only the fittest to live survive?" In such states, is there anything as restorative, or full of benediction, as those ideal friendships between man and woman, so refined and glorified that

their kingdom is, where time and space are not?

SPECTATOR AB EXTRA.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE

REJECTED ADDRESSES

SOME little time ago there came into my hands a short story, written, I should say, about fifteen years since by a novelist who quite recently has published a romance which very good critics have pronounced to be one of the most skilfully written in the English language. I am not concerned for the moment in discussing the merits of that book, but my readers may take it for granted that they are unquestionable. A reviewer who has grown grey in his profession told me not long ago that he kept this particular romance at his side and had read it from beginning to end no fewer than six times, and he is certainly not one to be fascinated by second-rate merit. My point, however, is that in the short story referred to the friendliest eye could discover not a scintilla of the promise that it ought to have contained. The thing was crude, ill-considered, ill-written, with a very bad plot and utterly lacking in any descriptive style or quality. Probably it would never have been preserved but for the fact that it had got into the hands of some kind of literary agent who steadily hawked it about for a decade or so without obtaining a single offer or seeing the ghost of a publisher. This example ought to be very encouraging to young writers. My belief, founded on a good many years of experience, is that the best of them are the most prone to send absolute rubbish to journals and magazines, and that they often do so with the sanguine hope that the editorial eye will discover some shining merit in the stuff. The man of a good all-round talent is much less likely to be what the Scotch call "fushenless," than the youngster of genius. Mediocrity does not possess these shining hopeful eyes that are so deceiving to their owner, and yet so often bring at length his promise to performance. Mediocrity soon learns to keep to its own just level, never rising on the one hand to inspiration, never on the other sinking to futility. And this makes one wish that the average editor would attend more closely to his post-bag. No doubt it is on the whole a wearisome piece of furniture. Morning after morning it comes laden with impossible literary efforts. Any one who has been in the habit of examining these would-be contributions systematically, must have come to the conclusion that the vast majority of those who write have sat down to their self-chosen task without any qualification whatever for it. They do not know that one of two things is essential.

In the first place, he who is not oppressed with the sense of his own genius will do well to consider what it is that a particular publication wants. Before sending off

his composition to the editor he might usefully place himself for a moment in the legendary chair, and ask what judgment he would pass on his own offer. If his verdict be even slightly against, he may be sure that a stranger sitting in the seat of judgment will be almost certain to issue a very decided negative. If he have talent only, he must consider times and seasons and that curious intangible quality for which topicality is too gross a name. Ideas at a particular time seem to be lurking in the air or, more properly speaking, in the distance. Out of it they flash, it may be swiftly and for an instant, it may be with a strong and slow gleam, and the success of a writer in many cases must depend on his relationship to this phenomenon. It is a truism to say that no man can escape from his age. In the case of a writer it is a truism in the sense in which the Ten Commandments are truisms. On the other hand, original genius soars like a bird independent of circumstances; only we have to remember what the end is to the attempt of a callow fledgling to perform this aerial manoeuvre. The thing that happens most usually is that it flops helplessly down on the grass. In that case its position is far from being hopeless. Its parents will continue to feed it, wholesome air and sunlight will bring it health and strength, and when the little wings are stronger the ambitious flight may in due time be effected. But meanwhile there is danger enough and to spare. The little bird may in the first place not be of the species whose nature is to soar. The hedge-sparrow will meet with disaster if it try to emulate the lark. In the second place there are ugly things that attack the nestling on the ground, cats and weasels, birds of prey and mischievous children. Yet these are nothing compared with the difficulties and dangers attending potential genius after its first disaster. Worst of all enemies is that within. Fortunately or unfortunately, it is given to genius to be conscious of itself, and the arrows of outrageous Fortune, where they would only hurt a mean spirit, torture one of nobler texture. And it is no paradox to say that in true greatness, humility often attends self-consciousness, so that he who has tried and failed often feels like one born out of due time, who has no place to fill and no task to do in the world wherein he is placed.

But our study of rejected addresses is one to carry hope and cheer to the downhearted. It is good for him to know that genius in the making, and often when it is made, is capable of the most extraordinary *bêtises*. If we were to seek to buttress this opinion with illustrious examples, it would be extremely easy to find them. Looking back we may profess to find signs and tokens of the "Lotus Eaters" and of the "Passing of Arthur" in Tennyson's *Juvenilia*, but it is a gross and rank deception. If Tennyson had at an early age been obliged to hawk about his youthful poems until he had got enough money for them to earn the necessary bread and cheese of life, there is a very considerable likelihood that he would have starved in the process. Even Lord Byron, sharply as he retaliated on the Scotch reviewers, achieved very little in his "Hours of Idleness." An exception to the rule may perhaps be found in Dickens, but he was one of those who flowered early. His "Pickwick," written at twenty-one, was at least no worse, and in the opinion of many was infinitely better, than anything that succeeded it. Jane Austen, again, flowered into "Pride and Prejudice" when she was a girl of twenty-one: curiously enough that was also her high-water mark. It is, however, impossible to lay down rules, and one earnestly trusts that no reader of this journal will consider himself a genius for the simple reason that he has perpetrated a bad article, a bad story, or a bad poem. The stupidest is equal to that achievement. But what we mean to say is that a piece of blundering, bad work done at the beginning of a career is by no means decisive as to the want of merit in a writer. Experience has shown—or at least he who indites this meditation thinks so—that out of a perfect sea of bad

work inspiration may come at last, or, in the words of the wholesome old proverb, the way to success lies through failure.

[Next week's *Causerie* will be "The Poetry of Christmas," by J. A. MacCulloch.]

FICTION

A Boy's Marriage. By HUGH DE SÉLINCOURT. (Lane, 6s.)

THE average reader may find it hard to grant one, at least, of the two main postulates upon which Mr. Hugh de Sélincourt relies in working out a problem which might well have taxed the resources of a hardened historian of the abnormal. Let it be granted that Beverley Teruel has been so guarded from contact with the world, that even three years of Oxford could do nothing to spoil the fitness of his college nickname of "Girlye." Such characters, though rare, are not unknown, and it is Mr. de Sélincourt's object to show that unless those who arrange the innocence can arrange also the remotest details of the awakening, a sensitive nature so trained is the most likely of all to come to shipwreck. Beverley's father, whose own youth had not been without an "experience," arranged, with Beverley's full approval, that he should marry a girl named Eva; and after a few summer weeks spent in the society of his family, Eva, and the poets, especially the poets, he duly weds. The success of such a marriage must depend upon the character of the wife, and we are asked to believe that Eva is more innocent than Beverley, and that some outrageous words let fall as to the cruelty of the male sex frighten her into raising at the outset the unpardonable barrier against a husband whom she likes. The thing is, to say the least of it, improbable. Had Mr. de Sélincourt a story of de Maupassant in mind? And has he not forgotten that the voice of nature speaks to the purest minds in the plainest words? Still, granting the possibility of two such natures being tied to each other, the conclusion drawn seems to us the right one. Beverley flies into a morbid suspicion of the purity of his perfectly healthy passion. He seeks solace in a platonic affection for a literary woman, finds it difficult to exist without her, disobeys her by rushing to London to see her, and, when severely snubbed, falls an easy victim to the wiles of a woman of the town. During his absence Eva has been making discoveries which impel her towards a whole-hearted bid for her husband's vanished affection. But it is too late. Innocence has given place to morbidity, and everything ends as, granting the premisses, it must end, miserably. The workmanship of the book, though sensitive, is sometimes feeble. There is a good deal of superfluous detail, and the lines are not always clear. But the choice and development of the theme show courage, humour, and a severe logic which promise well.

Fools Rush In. By MARY GRANT and JOHN RIDGWELL ESSEX. (Heinemann, 6s.)

FOR several reasons this story is unusually interesting. It is well and brightly told, it is set with real knowledge and power of description amongst Mahomedan West African tribes, it gives a vivid picture of what white women may be called on to endure when they accompany their menfolk to savage missions, and it demonstrates the profound but not generally recognised truth that fools do more harm than knaves. The people we expect to meet in fiction are there: brave men, beautiful young women, and a blood-curdling villain in the shape of the Fulbe prince, Dan Ali Mon. But the two characters that give salt to the story are the fussy, stupid, credulous missionary, Horace Webley, and the cheerful Cockney trader, Peter Addie. The picture of the two Englishwomen at the mercy of the brutal Fulbe chief and his savage followers is one to make zealots think. "All the Gospel that was

ever preached on this earth ain't worth a half of what them poor women suffered," says Peter Addie; and he was not speaking of imaginary heroines but of real, live, white women, who were not rescued in the nick of time.

The Empty House. By ALGERNON BLACKWOOD. (Nash, 6s.)

MR. ALGERNON BLACKWOOD is to be congratulated on having produced one of the best books of "horrors" since the appearance of Mr. Bram Stoker's "Dracula." "The Empty House" is a commonplace title enough, and we opened the book in anticipation of a dull hour among flapping white spirits and headless spectres. When we say that the hour was an enthralling one and that we rose at the end of it with a sensation of chill and a certain undefinable distrust of the dark corners of the room, we are doing scant justice to Mr. Blackwood's powers. It is not so much that the tales are original (we have met most of these ghosts under one form or another before): it is the convincing manner in which they are told which compels admiration. We have some difficulty in deciding which of these ten stories is the best. Save two, they are of a supernatural character and all are gruesome in the extreme.

Andrew Goodfellow. By HELEN H. WATSON (Mrs. HERBERT A. WATSON. (Macmillan, 6s.)

THE large novel-reading public which demands no more from a book of fiction than a story will find much that is pleasing in this tale of the early nineteenth century, in which such interesting personages as Nelson and Mrs. Jordan appear. The writing is unilluminated by those qualities which distinguish literature from mere story-telling. This lack of artistic treatment is to be regretted, as the author has made an interesting choice of characters—a choice which calls for individuality in description. This, as a first book, lacks equally the faults which tell against, and those which promise well for, future success—that is success in literature. Success, in a measure, as a popular story-teller, will quite possibly be the fate of this writer.

The Country Road. By ALICE BROWN. (Constable, 6s.)

A DOZEN excellent stories by the author of "Paradise"—what better entertainment could a reader desire for a rainy day? The simple annals, the love-affairs, the comedies and tragedies of married life of shrewd New England folk, these are the materials of which Miss Brown weaves her charming tales. "The Tree of a Thousand Leaves," "Bachelor's Fancy," "A Day Off," are perhaps the best, but all are good. In the last-mentioned story, Abigail, driven to desperation by a meddling, obtuse husband, indulges in a joyous and successful day of lying in aid of her daughter's love-affairs, and does not repent: "I've had a splendid day. I've had the best time I've had for years. I aint ever going to have another like it. I don't dast to." None of the tales touch upon the darker aspects of life, all are optimistic in tone, and delicately humorous in treatment.

A Knight of the Cumberland. By JOHN FOX, JUNR. (Constable, 2s. 6d.)

NEVER were more opposing forces brought into contact than those we find in this book. Nothing could equal the incongruity of a Mediæval Tournament, at which "jousting at the ring" forms the principal attraction, held at a small mining town in America. And it is this very incongruity which renders the tale fascinating. The rough mountaineers clad in uncouth trappings, from football shorts to chain armour, riding into the lists and answering to such high-sounding titles as "The Knight of the Green Valley" and "The Knight of the Holston" to receive the "Charge" delivered by the Hon. Sam Budd, a Southern, stump-speaking politician, make a picture which lays hold of the reader's imagination and compels

his attention, as much from sheer surprise at the audacity of the plot as by the skill with which it is carried out. The defeat of the "Knight Discarded" who, for his comfort, is given the hand of the "Queen of Love and Beauty" (known in every-day life as "The Blight"), ends this attractive and original tale.

Honour's Glassy Bubble. By E. GERARD. (Blackwood, 6s.)

MISS GERARD is not of those who hold that the duel was not without influence for good upon morals and manners. In her story of three generations she gives a "truthful and impartial picture of the misfortunes resulting from this barbarous practice," in Eastern Europe. With careful art she interests us in two brothers, or lovers, or husband and wife, and then just at the most charming or most interesting part of their story a duel ends it all. A fresh start is made, new expectations aroused, and at the next dramatic moment comes the fatal duel again. Six duels to one story is a liberal allowance and does not leave much time for rejoicing, but the intervals between the tragedies have their pleasant incidents, the characters are uncommon, and—especially the ruffianly autocrat, Count Attila—boldly drawn. Stories written with a purpose rarely present so many attractions as this anti-duelling novel, and comparatively few of any kind are so well worth reading.

DRAMA

"THE WEAVERS" AT THE SCALA THEATRE

THE effect which this play of Gerhart Hauptmann produces upon the mind is a very strange one. As was said with less justice of *The Voysey Inheritance*, there seems at first no particular reason why the fifth act should be the last, why the play should not quietly proceed on its way from act to act, each additional act adding perhaps a little to the effect of the whole by giving fresh instances of the horror of the weavers' existence. Such is the first impression received, but another comes to take its place; for the play is one of haunting power, and remains in the mind at length almost uncannily shaping itself there, in much the same way as a remembered dream. This is due in part to the novelty of the theme and of the theme's handling; instinct fights knowledge to pick out from the crowd of weavers the one who is to be, if not the actual hero, at least the most important character; and just in so far as instinct triumphs in picking out Becker or Tueger, the young strike-leaders, or old Baumerl, the venerable drunkard, or old Hulse, who remains loyal to his sense of duty, does the true meaning of the drama escape. But the chief reason is that the play is something more than the representation of particular injustice and misery, lived through years and years ago, among a particular group of Silesian work-people. Were that the case, the Stage Society, or any other management, would be ill-advised indeed to revive it. The fact is that Hauptmann, a dreamer always, took the recounted trials of his grandfather's youth as the merest peg on which to hang the fabric of a great idea. As Euripides in *The Trojan Women* shows the beauty that is part of all tragedy, so Hauptmann in *The Weavers* shows all the ways in which a man may meet misfortune. He lifts the play from the pettiness of a struggle between weaver and manufacturer, or master and man, until it becomes a symbol of the eternal conflict of human existence, the conflict between Man and Destiny. "Out of misery and shame and evil he makes Tragedy," as Professor Murray wrote concerning *The Trojan Women*. This deeper meaning grows slowly from the actual setting, but once in being the drama assumes its true and perfect shape.

And very little would seem to be lost from the inability of the actors to present exact character-studies of Silesian

workpeople in the Forties. Under Herr Hans Andresen's admirable management the nature of the characters, essential to the play's wider significance, was preserved in all its proper variety, and expressed by the actors with great care and with a general success that is highly praiseworthy under the unusual hurrying conditions of the drama's action. Where the work of all was good and spirited, it would be invidious to mention particular names. The Stage Society did well to produce the play; it has only once before been given in English, and under disadvantageous circumstances, when Mr. Charles Charrington presented it at the Crystal Palace in 1901 on the occasion of the First of May Labour Day Festival. The play is not only of interest by reason of clever stage-craft; it is a permanent work of art.

FINE ART

BRABAZON AND OTHERS

IN the whole history of painting it would be difficult to find a career parallel to that of the late Hercules Brabazon Brabazon, a memorial exhibition of whose work is now open at the Goupil Gallery (5 Regent Street). Two dates give a hint of his unique position—1821, the year of his birth; and 1892, the year in which he made his first public appearance, when the discerning were astounded at the revelation of a new development of water-colour by a master whose existence was unsuspected. In the life-time between these dates Brabazon had lived outwardly the ordinary life of a cultured country gentleman. He was educated at Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge, travelled extensively in France, Spain, Italy, Egypt, and India, and for the rest lived quietly on his Sussex estate, a model landlord in his dealings with his tenants, but unconcerned with the worlds of politics and sport. By his neighbours, among whom was Mr. Francis James, the flower-painter, he was known to spend much of his time sketching, but such was his modesty that it required the repeated urging of distinguished professional painters—Mr. Sargent, Mr. Steer, and Mr. J. J. Shannon among the number—before he could be persuaded that his colour-notes of places he had seen and of master-pieces he admired were worthy of public exhibition.

It was not till he was seventy that his objections to publicity were overcome. In November 1891, he was elected a member of the New English Art Club, to whose next Spring Exhibition he contributed, and in the following November his first "one-man-show" was held at the Goupil Gallery. Mr. Sargent was his introducer on that occasion, and in a preface to the catalogue the great portrait-painter lucidly expounded the technical merits of Mr. Brabazon's art, his "gift of colour," and "exquisite sensitiveness to impressions of colour."

A French artist [wrote Mr. Sargent] on seeing some of these drawings resumed in a word another secret of their charm and of their power: "C'est la fin d'une vie!" Only after years of the contemplation of Nature can the process of selecting become so sure an instinct, and a handling so spontaneous and so freed from the commonplace of expression is final mastery, the result of long artistic training.

Although Brabazon's art has now been before the public for fifteen years there is little to add to the estimate then made by Mr. Sargent. For whereas other painters only gradually reveal themselves to us as artists in the making, Brabazon burst upon us in his first exhibition as an artist already made, in complete enjoyment of a perfect mastery of his medium. Ensuing exhibitions only confirmed the justice of what had already been said, but added no fresh knowledge save what was afforded by the artist's late experiments with pastel, a medium he used as perfectly and individually as he did water-colour. Some early sketches at the Memorial Exhibition indicate the "long

artistic training" of which Mr. Sargent speaks, but though these have their interest as showing Brabazon's patient study of form during his long apprenticeship, his fame rests not on his delineation of form, but on his magical interpretation of colour. Form he studied sufficiently for his purpose, but with him it was always a secondary interest. And in this he showed himself to be a true child of his century, just as in another respect he stood out as a genius ahead of his age. The interpretation of light in landscape was beyond question the salient characteristic of the art of the late nineteenth and dawning twentieth centuries. And Brabazon was as fully concerned with problems of light as the French Luminists who, like himself, drew their inspiration from Turner. Brabazon's art is the exact parallel to the French impressionist movement, but he made use of a different medium, our national medium of water-colour, which he carried to ethereal heights unscaled by any previous artist. Less grand than Turner's, Brabazon's water-colours are even more exquisite, for to what he learnt from the older masters of water-colour he added qualities of his own, qualities of delicacy and refinement which rank him with them, perhaps above them.

There are critics who would depreciate Brabazon's art because he never attempted canvases of imposing size, but confined his efforts to water-colours of modest dimensions. The contention is uncritical, since excellence in art is a matter of quality, not of quantity, but it so happens that Brabazon's wise restraint in this matter was an unconscious preparation for the needs of the future and entitles his drawings to be regarded as the typical art product of the age in which he died. If we accept Mr. George Moore's statement that "art is merely the embodiment of the dominant influence of an age," and his argument that the villa was the dominant influence of the mid-nineteenth century, then surely we must believe that the dominant influence of the century now dawning is the flat. Hence it follows, according to Mr Moore's theory, "that artists of to-day will produce more lasting work by supplying the 'flat' with an art suitable for the 'flat,' than by supplying it with a traditional art descended from the palace or the cathedral." "It is better," says Joubert, "to be exquisite than to be ample," and Brabazon in choosing the better part was unconsciously supplying the community in which he lived with the æsthetic comestible best suited to their taste and needs.

Bereft of Brabazon, and with Mr. D. S. MacColl an absentee, the water-colour wall of the New English Art Club's current exhibition might be expected to be less interesting this year than usual. Nevertheless it compares well with the oil section of the exhibition, though in both many things are included which might have been omitted with advantage to the collection as a whole. Mr. Tonks, who sends no oil paintings this year, is strongly represented on the water-colour wall with a vigorous impression of schoolboy life, *The Stonethrower* (28), full of action, and two freshly painted visions of *Poole Harbour* (30) and *The Town from Corfe Castle* (24), very beautiful and truthful in colour. Mr. Francis James's flower paintings, the landscapes of Mr. Rich and Mr. Steer help to maintain the standard of the wall, which is threatened by the inclusion of such dry "British-Museumy" drawings as Mr. Unwin's *La Cour d'Albane, Rouen* (12) and such unfeeling colour as that displayed in Mr. Noel Rooke's *St. Julien, Brionde* (3). Among the drawings the most notable contributions are Mr. Muirhead Bone's grand composition, *The Great Gantry—Charing Cross Station*, 1906, which has been purchased by subscription for presentation to the British Museum, and Mr. Orpen's rhythmical pencil study, *The Sleeping Child* (11). No member comes better out of this exhibition than Mr. Orpen, who, in addition to his drawings, sends the three most important oil paintings. His recumbent nude, *A Woman* (97), has obviously been inspired by the Velasquez Venus, which it recalls even in its grey and flesh-tint colour scheme. The curious insistence on the

curve of the hip, the disappearance of the feet beneath drapery, and the scamped treatment of the drapery itself militate against the delightful abandon of the pose, the splendid rendering of the shoulders and back, and the beautiful light effect. Mr. Orpen's other nude, *The Reflection* (90), is more pleasing as a whole, though here again there are contradictions; for the draped back standing erect does not seem to fit the slightly bent pose of the reflection in the mirror—a delightful piece of flesh-painting. More complete than either of these is Mr. Orpen's third oil-painting, *The Eastern Gown* (84), in which textures have been studied and rendered with fair success in a composition of considerable charm. Mr. Conder's *Wood Nymphs* (121), a sylvan phantasy of lovely colour, is one of the most successful of the larger pictures he has yet exhibited, while Mr. Steer's *The Bend of the River* (119) and *The School Girl* (123) are pleasant if not remarkable examples of his skill in landscape and portraiture. Of Mr. Will Rothenstein's two oils, both landscapes, *Threshing in Burgundy* (92) is a brilliant sunlight effect treated in a style akin to that of Mr. Clausen, but lacking his tender ruggedness of handling. *The Abbey Church* (61), a moonlight effect, is more successful, the subject lending itself better to Mr. Rothenstein's more polished and less impassioned style. Mr. Chowne's admirable still-life, *Peaches* (89), and Fantin's flower-pieces, the scholarly landscapes of Professor C. J. Holmes, and two fresh and unpretentious oil-sketches by Mr. John, *In the Tent* (95) and *The Camp* (91), are among the most pleasant contributions from the older men. Mr. F. H. S. Shepherd's tranquil *Interior—Man Drawing* (110) and Mr. Glyn W. Philpot's grave "Old-Masterly" oil studies are among the best things sent in by the new recruits. But as a whole the collection must be pronounced disappointing, for none of the members except Mr. Tonks and Mr. Orpen add to the laurels they have already gained, while few of the new-comers beyond the two above mentioned justify by their works the favour shown them by the jury of selection.

Mrs. Mary McEvoy, one of the most interesting of the exhibiting non-members of the club, is represented by a single work, *A Lady Playing* (52); but her gently austere art, her love of the *petits maîtres* of Holland, and her ability, like them, to endow homely domestic scenes with a beauty derived from insight into the mysteries of light, are satisfactorily and amply displayed in the exhibition of her works now open at the Chenil Gallery in Chelsea.

MODERN SILVER AND ENAMELLING

THE exhibition of work by Mr. and Mrs. Dawson at the Leicester Galleries will be found of considerable interest to all who care for the silversmith's craft. The applied arts, although a good deal talked about just now, are not practised with so much skill that we can afford to overlook the productions of this accomplished lady and gentleman. For the more utilitarian pieces shown we have nothing but warm admiration. The simple silver knives and entirely new forks, the handles of which are made after a cleverly adapted design based on the typical Chippendale chair-back, the plain but distinguished salt-cells and other pieces for table use are admirably and substantially wrought. But many of the more elaborate examples are fashioned in silver that is far too thin. This is a common fault of our age. Mr. Dawson invents excellent designs, the enameller bejewels the object, the public rush in to buy, some one receives a charming present and all goes well. But in a decade or two what will become of these examples of Mr. Dawson's skill? The thin metal will be cracked and the silver bowl will be broken and the beauty of the original lost to a future generation. A Stuart or Georgian example of silver is often nearly as perfect to-day as when produced, but our terrible desire for low prices will rob future generations

of the pleasure of seeing such work as this to any advantage. In the cases devoted to jewelled ornaments are many excellent examples of fine workmanship. Mr. and Mrs. Dawson also show some enamelling on gold. This facile and graceful decorative art is one that they understand historically, practically, and, we suspect, commercially.

MUSIC

THE JOACHIM QUARTET CONCERTS

IN spite of the fact that all the seats for the Joachim concerts in the Bechstein Hall were subscribed for long before the concerts took place, and that Queen's Hall was very full on both occasions when it was used, it is difficult to put aside the feeling that musical London has scarcely realised the importance of the event which has just taken place. Perhaps it is because a certain apathy on the one hand is balanced by an indiscriminate enthusiasm on the other that we are inclined to doubt the discernment of each side, who together make up the concert-going population of London. The enthusiasts are more than enough to fill the Bechstein Hall, and nearly enough to fill Queen's Hall, which does not argue a very widespread appreciation of the art of the Joachim quartet and those associated with it. Fortunately, however, it is not needful here to discuss either how far the admiration for Brahms's music as played by Joachim is genuine, or whether the apathetic have any justification for finding that playing less perfect than once it was. Certain disadvantages had of necessity to be contended with; for example, the fact that Bechstein Hall was too small for the audience and Queen's Hall too large for the performers, or rather that the latter is quite unsuited to performances of chamber music. Few will contend that Dr. Joachim has at command the body of tone he once had, and the consequent thinness of tone aggravated the difficulty of the hall. There was the further disadvantage that the chamber works of Brahms with the two sets of "Liebeslieder" Waltzes are just too many to be arranged comfortably in six programmes, with the result that at the last concert at Queen's Hall the magnificent pianoforte quintet, op. 34, was listened to by a tired audience, whereas it particularly requires fresh and alert perceptions for its full enjoyment. Really the "Liebeslieder" Waltzes might have been omitted, for, since they were sung by a mediocre quartet of singers, their performance was in no way a parallel to that of the instrumental works. Instead of the first set the early form of the trio, op. 8, might have been given. This was composed in 1854 and revised and republished by Brahms in 1891. The later form was played at the concert on December 3 and it is that which is generally known. It may be argued that Brahms would have wished the later form only to survive, that it contains what is worth hearing in the early work and perfects its expression; but this is not quite true, for in the edition of 1891 he discarded large sections of the early trio, whole trains of thought which his youthful fancy followed willingly, but which his older judgment refused. As it is, the only chamber composition which dates from the 'fifties we would gladly hear it as he first conceived it; but Dr. Joachim may have had personal reasons for deciding otherwise, which the committee would of course respect.

With these exceptions no fault could be found with the general scheme; the arrangement of the six programmes was rightly governed by principles of musical effect rather than by an historical sequence. From this it practically resulted that in almost every programme the works were disposed so as to represent at least three decades of Brahms's life. Thus, in the first two concerts at Bechstein Hall, the two early sextets followed upon late trios, op. 114 and 101, while the quartets, op. 60 and 67, began the concerts. This reversal of the chronological order

even in the single programmes was wise, since the sestets, with their clear cut form and simple themes resembling Schubert, are listened to with ease when the audience is a little tired after giving serious attention to music of a more involved kind. At the same time, to those who took the trouble to compare and contrast, each concert might represent an epitome of Brahms's life; this was particularly striking in the first given at Queen's Hall, which only contained two instrumental works, the piano quartet in A major, *opus* 26, and the clarinet quintet, *opus* 115. The first illustrated Brahms's earliest manner, when the instinct for formal beauty was dominant and proclaimed him even more the successor of Mozart than of Beethoven; the second showed that instinct still potent, but tempered by the experience of a lifetime and brought to serve rather than to rule, to produce a work of exquisite tenderness and human pathos. Dr. Joachim, an intimate sharer in that life experience, interpreted both its beginning and its close, and the others of his quartet, only a degree further removed from the composer, entered with wonderful insight into his meaning. Herr Mühlfeld too, whose beautiful tone and masterly phrasing inspired, not surely the thoughts of the clarinet quintet itself, but rather the manner of their expression, was there once more to show of what sound Brahms was thinking when he placed the clarinet in his score. It was impossible to listen and not to feel that here was the most authoritative presentment of Brahms's attitude towards music that could be given. Details of tone and balance dropped into the background; Dr. Joachim's mental leadership was as forcible as ever, if sometimes his hand was less sure. A fresh, young spirit pervaded the piano quartet, which reached a climax in the boyish good humour of the finale, while the slow movement of the clarinet quintet had the solemnity of a funeral sermon which does not lament the departed but tells the noble record of his life.

In so long a line of artistic works there must necessarily be a certain flow and ebb in clearness and expression. With Brahms there was never any fluctuation in the earnestness of his aim, but there was inevitably variation in the actual results. One of the great benefits of hearing his works through several complete programmes is that we can then note the moments at which the tide of clear inspiration runs highest, and it is remarkable that such moments invariably leave an impression of exceptionally good performance, though it is impossible to doubt that the same care was given to less perspicuous works. In the clarinet trio, *opus* 114, played on November 23 by Herr Mühlfeld, Professor Hausmann and Mr. Leonard Borwick, the third movement shone out after the clouded slow movement like a ray of sunshine, and again the first movement of the string quartet in A minor, played on December 3, sounded so wonderfully ethereal that one was tempted to judge hastily that the Joachim quartet needed to be heard alone to be enjoyed; the later movements showed that the truth is that in this first movement Brahms caught more of the peculiar magic of the stringed instruments than he often did in writing for them alone. Other instances will occur to every discriminating hearer, where Brahms seems to express suddenly with perfect ease what at another time is somewhat obscure.

Apart from the opportunity for critical study that these concerts have given, they stand unique as a record. Now that musicians are becoming satiated by sensational devices, which have been pressed in to give new colour to modern art, it is a happy time to review our resources, to take stock—as it were—of all that has been achieved in the past. Undoubtedly in the chamber music of Brahms possibilities for the future of the art are shown, which latterly have received but little attention. No more powerful recall could be made to the principles which Brahms represents than a complete recital of his chamber works by those who know and understand him best. If, as has been suggested, such a recital shows where he

attained highest and where inspiration was less clear, it is illuminating in the utmost degree. Dr. Joachim has added this crowning service to his life of devotion to his art, that he has clearly shown what was the last decisive word in chamber music, and that in it lie the premisses from which the future of that branch of music must to a large extent be evolved.

H.C.C.

CORRESPONDENCE

A FRENCH CRITIC ON HOMER

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The following passage occurs in Professor Tyrrell's review of "Pour Mieux Connaître Homère." (ACADEMY, Dec. 8, p. 570.)

"It is remarkable that among 'les inconséquences et les contradictions' which are detected by M. Bréal in the gradual development of the poem, and which betray the latest hands, are the most exquisite scenes in the Iliad and those which have been most admired in all ages—Helen on the walls of Troy, the embassy to Achilles, the parting scene between Hector and Andromache, the *ἀπιστεῖαι* of the different chieftains, the exquisite dirges of Hecuba, Andromache, and Helen over the dead Hector, and above all the scene in which Priam comes to beg Achilles for the corpse of his son, which Gottfried Hermann called the finest thing in the literature of any period or people."

This is not very intelligible, for M. Bréal says (p. 3). "We must look for the true Homer . . . in the description of the embassy to Achilles . . . or let us take the last Book of the Iliad, when Priam comes to beg for the body of his son." M. Bréal then exclaims: "Passages foreign to the original redaction! Passages added *après coup*! . . . It is not yet the moment for the discussion of these theories. . . . The passages which advance the action, or lead to the necessary conclusion, which paint situations or reveal character, are not added *après coup*" (p. 4). In these sentences M. Bréal rejects the opinions assigned to him by Professor Tyrrell, as regards the embassy to Achilles and the ransoming of the body of Hector. In page 126, M. Bréal returns to this subject, and rejects the system which detects such additions in the scenes of Helen on the tower; the farewell of Helen and Andromache, the various *ἀπιστεῖαι*; the embassy to Achilles, the ransoming of Hector, and the dirges over Hector dead. M. Bréal says, "I have not to estimate at present a system which brings the Iliad down to the level of a French tragedy under the first Empire."

Professor Tyrrell has inadvertently attributed to M. Bréal the opinions which he twice repudiates. His book is astonishing enough! He states that he knows little of the archaeology of the subject (p. 85) and discusses the Homeric problems without venturing further into archaeology than the amazing statement that poets of 600–550 B.C. at the Court of Croesus and other Lydian Kings, knew Mycenaean relics much as we know them. "Doubtless they were then more numerous and in better condition. . . . The poet placed his heroes in this antique setting," (p. 85)—as a Scottish peasant wears a kilt on a holiday!

The notion of a Scottish peasant dressing in Highland costume on a holiday is not so surprising as the theory that the Homeric poet "got up" his "local" colour from Mycenaean relics on view in 600 B.C. I ought to say that M. Bréal does not, in so many words, speak of plaid and philabeg as the holiday attire of the Scottish peasant. He says that the Scot puts on "un costume dont il ne songe à savoir ni la date ni l'origine." I suppose him to mean the Highland costume.

Every student of Homer will observe that M. Bréal is inadequately equipped for his task of criticism. But he is too good a literary critic to suppose that "the beauties of a work are contributed by its interpolators" (p. 127).

ANDREW LANG.

ἐπισημίων ὀκρυβέντος

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Professor R. Y. Tyrrell, in accepting the change of above into—*τοὺς κρυβέντος*, stultifies, I submit, his own adhesion to Monroe's fourth foot rule and its corollaries. This would be kind to such poets as Xenophanes, who were unaware of such a rule—not true universally, and not to be pressed too far. But, meanwhile, we have a single word forming partly or wholly three hexameter feet, a consummation devoutly to be deprecated.

H. H. JOHNSON.

Rennes University, France.

December 12.

THE POEMS OF FATHER TABB

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I would ask you to notice a few *errata* in the volume of selections from my verses which you reviewed in the ACADEMY of November 17. Banister, my middle name, has but one *n*. Of "Ave atque Vale" upon the last page the second verse is, strangely, found

on p. 64. In the lines "To Silence," which you quote, *my* in the second line is a misprint for *thy*. In "December" there is a slip—winding for whining; and in "The Boy Bishop" *all* should be deleted. Thanking you for your kind notice,

JOHN BANISTER TABB.

St. Charles College,
Ellicott City,
Maryland.

THE GARDENS OF ADONIS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The "gardens of Adonis" mentioned in your review of Dr. Frazer's book, as being still found in Sicily and elsewhere, must have been well known in England in the time of Shakespeare—witness the lines in *Henry VI.* (Pt. I. Act I. Scene vi.):

Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens,
That one day bloom'd and fruitful were the next.

E. MARTINENGO CESARESCO.

December 9.

A LEGEND

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—These Latin words mean "perfect unity is charity and love." The initial letter of "punitas" is, no doubt, a mistake on the part of the maker. Brazen alms-dishes were imported in great quantities into Spain from the Netherlands, in the sixteenth century; and on many of them there are inscriptions in which even greater blunders than the above are observable.

EDWARD S. DODGSON.

December 7.

BOOKS RECEIVED

ARCHÆOLOGY AND ART.

Costume: Fanciful, Historical and Theatrical. Compiled by Mrs. Aria. Illustrated by Percy Anderson. 8½ x 5½. Pp. 259. Macmillan, 10s. 6d. net.

Taylor, Henry. *The Ancient Crosses and Holy Wells of Lancashire.* 10½ x 8. Pp. 516. Manchester: Sherratt and Hughes, 42s. net.
[With Notes on the pre-Reformation Churches, Monastic Institutions, and Superstitions of the County Palatine.]

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

Saint Catherine of Siena and her Times. By the author of "Mademoiselle Mori." 9 x 6. Pp. viii, 300. Methuen, 7s. 6d. net.

DRAMA.

Pinero, Arthur W. *His House in Order.* A Comedy in four acts. 6½ x 5. Pp. 224. Heinemann, 1s. 6d.

FICTION.

Skrine, Mary J. W. *The House of the Luck.* Illustrated by Margaret S. Skrine. 8 x 6½. Pp. 247. Smith, Elder, 6s. net.

Macaulay, R. *Abbots Verney.* A novel. 7½ x 5. Pp. 291. Murray, 6s.

HISTORY.

Whish, C. W. *The Ancient World.* 8½ x 5½. Pp. xvii, 345. Luzac, 5s. net.
[A Historical Sketch, with Comparative Chart of Principal Events: being vol. ii. of 'Reflections on Some Leading Facts and Ideas of History: their Meaning and Interest,' with special chapter on The Bible Lands.]

The Hammermen of Edinburgh and their Altar in St. Giles Church. With introductory notes by John Smith. 9 x 5½. Pp. 201. Edinburgh: Published at John Knox's House by William J. Hay, 10s. 6d. net.
[Extracts from the Records of the Incorporation of Hammermen of Edinburgh, 1494 to 1558.]

Allen, Herbert J. *Early Chinese History.* Are the Chinese Classics Forged? 8 x 5½. Pp. 300. S.P.C.K., 5s.

Semenoff, Captain Vladimir. *The Battle of Tsushima* between the Japanese and Russian Fleets, fought on May 27, 1905. Translated by Captain A. B. Lindsay. With a preface by Sir George Sydenham. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 165. Murray, 3s. 6d. net.

[Captain Semenoff was on board the *Kynaz Suworoff*, the Russian flagship, during the engagement.]

LITERATURE.

Old German Love Songs. Translated by Frank C. Nicholson. 8 x 5½. Pp. 196. Unwin, 6s.

[Translations from the Minnesingers of the twelfth to the fourteenth century. The translator's object has been "to present English readers with a selection from Minnesong sufficiently varied and extensive to illustrate roughly the nature and range of the art and indicate the main lines of its development."]

Westminster Versions. Renderings into Greek and Latin Verse, reprinted from the "Westminster Gazette." Edited by Herbert F. Fox. 7½ x 5. Pp. 106. Oxford: Blackwell, 3s. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Underdown, Emily. *Medallions from Early Florentine History.* 8 x 5½. Pp. 253. Swan Sonnenschein, 5s. net.

[The author's object has been to "detach from the phantasmagoria of mediæval Italian politics certain of the more striking and important events connected with Florence . . . some of the most picturesque incidents, some of the most attractive personages"; and to "place them

before the reader as a sequence of medallions . . . to display them thus, hung as it were separately and with space for each to be viewed against its own background."]

Bayley, R. Child. *The Complete Photographer.* With over one hundred illustrations. 9 x 5½. Pp. 410. Methuen, 10s. 6d. net.

Provincial Letters, and Other Papers. By the author of "Pages from a Private Diary." 7½ x 5. Pp. 343. Smith, Elder, 5s. net.
[Papers mostly reprinted from the *Cornhill*.]

Live Stock Journal 1907 Almanack. 9½ x 6½. Pp. 246. Vinton, 1s.

Mountmorres, Viscount. *The Congo Independent State.* A Report on a Voyage of Enquiry. 10 x 6½. Pp. 166. Williams & Norgate, 6s. net.

Read, C. Stanford. *How to Keep Well.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 199. Unwin, 2s. 6d. net.
[Practical home hints on common ailments. They are not intended to take the place of a visit to the doctor; but, says the author, with no excess of modesty, "amid the myriad indispositions to which we are liable, there are many that are doctored at home, and . . . it should be well that some authoritative guidance should be at hand."]

Saltus, Edgar. *Historia Amoris.* 7½ x 5½. Pp. 278. Sisley's, 5s. net.
[A history of love ancient and modern.]

List of Annual Subscriptions to English and Foreign Newspapers, Magazines, etc. 5½ x 3½. Pp. 102. Dawson & Sons, Cannon House, Bream's Buildings, E.C., n.p.

[Contains particulars of over five thousand newspapers, etc., with rates—including postage—at which they can be mailed to residents in Great Britain, the Colonies, or abroad. Sections are devoted to British periodicals (there is a classified as well as an alphabetical list), American and Canadian, Australian, French, German, Indian, Italian, Russian, Spanish, Portuguese, and so on.]

Debrett's Peerage, Baronage, Knightage, and Companionship, 1907. Comprising information concerning all persons bearing Hereditary or Courtesy Titles, Privy Counsellors, Knights, and Companions of all the various Orders; and the Collateral Branches of all Peers and Baronets. Illustrated with 1500 armorial bearings. Revised by the Nobility and Aristocracy. 8½ x 6. Pp. 1346. Dean, 31s. 6d. net.

Fox-Davies, Arthur Charles; and Carlyon-Britton, P. W. P. *A Treatise on the Law Concerning Names and Changes of Name.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 118. Elliot Stock, 3s. 6d.

[A revision and extension of a series of articles which appeared in the *Genealogical Magazine*.]

POETRY.

Rickards, Marcus S. C. *Lyrics of Life and Beauty.* 7½ x 5½. Pp. 123. Clifton: Baker, 3s. 6d. net.

Coventry, R. G. T. *Poems.* 6½ x 5½. Pp. 120. Elkin Mathews, 5s. net.
[Some are new; others have been reprinted from *The Academy*, *Country Life*, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and the *Westminster Gazette*.]

Davies, William H. *New Poems.* 6½ x 4½. Pp. 75. Elkin Mathews, 1s. 6d. net.

Ogilvie, Will H. *Rainbows and Witches.* 6½ x 5½. Pp. 88. Elkin Mathews, 1s. net.

[Poems reprinted from different periodicals.]

The Belgian Hare (Lord Alfred Douglas). *The Placid Pug, and other Rhymes.* With illustrations by P. P. 8½ x 10½. Pp. 47. Duckworth, 3s. 6d. (See p. 605.)

Adams, Arthur H. *London Streets.* 7½ x 5½. Pp. 44. Foulis, n.p.

Nichols, Wallace Bertram. *Firelight Fancies.* 6½ x 4½. Pp. 96. The Tallis Press, 2s. 6d.

[Poems written, the publishers inform us, by a boy, between the ages of 13 and 16.]

POLITICAL.

Gould, Sir F. Carruthers. *Political Caricatures, 1906.* 11 x 14. Pp. 104. Arnold, 6s. net.

[Cartoons which have appeared in the *Westminster Gazette* between December 1905 and November 1906.]

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

Wells, H. G. *The Food of the Gods, and How It Came to Earth.* 7½ x 5½. Pp. 317. Macmillan, 3s. 6d.

Duff, H. L. *Nyasaland under the Foreign Office.* 8½ x 5½. Pp. 422. Bell, 7s. 6d. net.

[Second edition, with a new introduction dealing with the changes which have taken place in Nyasaland since the book was first written.]

Rose, J. Holland. *Napoleonic Studies.* 7½ x 5½. Pp. 398. Bell, 5s. net.

[Second edition, revised.]

The Works of Mrs. Gaskell. *Wives and Daughters.* An Every-day Story. With illustrations. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 761. Smith, Elder, 4s. 6d. net.

[The eighth, and last, volume of "The Knutsford Edition."]

A New German and English Dictionary. "Compiled from the best authorities in both languages." Revised and considerably enlarged by Karl Breul. 8½ x 6. Pp. 1343. Cassell, 10s. 6d. net.

[A revised and much enlarged edition of Miss Weir's German-English and English-German dictionary.]

Spencer, Herbert. *The Data of Ethics.* 8½ x 5½. Pp. 264. Williams & Norgate, 3s. net.

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Il Vero Edgardo Poe (Rome, Ganguzza-Lajosa, 1.2.50) is a violent little book from the pen of Professor Raffaele Bresciano, consisting of a hundred pages of biographical introduction and fifty pages of translations, in rhythmical prose, of some of Poe's best-known verses. It is true that, if the writer of a study of this kind holds a brief for his author, he is more likely to please his readers than if he makes it his business to expose and depreciate. But in this case the bias is so unconcealed and the admiration is so unbalanced, that we begin very soon to wish that the Professor would become more analytical and detached, and not write as if he were defending his dearest friend from a dishonourable and unjust charge. What was "the true Edgar Allan Poe"? It will probably startle most people in this country to hear that he was "a great poet, a lyrical writer of mighty genius, well worthy to figure in the glorious company of Lenau, de Musset, Keats and Leopardi." This remark, coming as it does on the first page of the book, is calculated to shake the reader's confidence at the outset, because it betrays a curious inability to appreciate proportionate values. Unfortunately the whole of the introductory sketch is in that vein; it is not critical; it is a sort of *totus pulcher es* from beginning to end. The accusations which have not unreasonably been brought against Poe are here met, not in a spirit of criticism and research, but in a manner which suggests the pugilist rather than the man of letters. Was Poe, for instance, a drunkard? "No! However scarce may be our documentary evidence, we do not hesitate to proclaim before the world that Poe was not a common drunkard; that he is not to be classed in the unworthy company of a Villon and a de Quincey!" He was not a drunkard, but "overcome by grief, he would run to the retailers of liquor, in order to forget the squalour of his unsuccessful life, seeking in alcohol a moment of forgetfulness." This will serve as an example of our author's method: we need not follow up his argument in detail. Poe, he thinks, was an almost perfect man, whose literary productions were masterpieces, "the glory, not of America only, but of the whole world." Yet that excessive admiration, which detracts considerably from the value of Professor Bresciano's little biographical study, stands him in good stead as a translator. His work is that of an enthusiast, his versions being faithful and adequate and not without a certain literary value of their own. Of course many of the poems—notably "The Raven"—lose most of their character when translated and turned into prose. Perhaps "Annabel Lee" is the cleverest of the renderings in the volume; while it is interesting to notice that the translation of one of Poe's simplest and most poetical pieces—the lines beginning "Helen, thy beauty is to me"—makes far and away the most pleasing piece of Italian prose of any in the volume.

We can imagine in what nervous haste our enthusiast would turn over the leaves of another little volume on Poe which has reached us, *Edgar Allan Poe, the Man, the Master, the Martyr*, by Oliver Leigh (Chicago, the Frank M. Morris Co. \$1.25 net), to find out if the author be a "gentleman in yellow gloves"—the professorial description of Griswold and his partisans—or a fellow worshipper. Mr. Leigh's book is, of course, controversial; but, where the Italian defends Poe by clamour and assertion, the American employs a continuous flow of satire and jocosity. There is very little connection between the various parts of the book; but we see by the title-page that it is No. 1 of "The Dilettante Series," so perhaps pedantic criticism of it would be misplaced. The first section is a slight study of the various portraits of Poe, with reference both to art and phenology. The conclusion arrived at is that Poe's head was swelled on one side and that he was half mad; and further, that if both sides of his head had been swelled he would have been quite mad, but if both sides had been shapely he would have been quite sane. Having given this as a specimen of what may be found in the book, we will not trouble our readers with a systematic examination of all the sections. The most interesting part deals with the satire called "The Poets and Poetry of America" issued as a pamphlet and signed "Lavante," which Mr. Leigh believes, and very nearly manages to prove, to be by Poe.

Ethnographic Notes in Southern India. With forty plates. By Edgar Thurston, Superintendent Madras Government Museum. (Madras Government Press, 1906, price 6s.)—Some years ago the Government of India decided on making a systematic ethnographic survey of the whole of India, and superintendents were appointed in each presidency and province to collect all the material and information available. Mr. Thurston was entrusted with this task for Southern India, and he has already made a considerable ethnological collection which will form the subject of a *magnum opus* in size, and we have no doubt, in merit also. Mr. Thurston says the time is not yet ripe for this work, so he gives instead these notes as a sort of anticipatory volume on the sociological and ethnological questions that have so long engaged his attention. This volume, as he admits, is not for the general reader. It is not light reading, there is no attempt to propitiate the reader's good will by making the subject interesting, and the style is that of an official report. Still, the book has a distinct value, and the curious facts, customs, prejudices, and superstitions preserved in its six hundred pages make up a strange and striking record of primitive human life and society. The subjects about which Mr. Thurston has collected information come principally under the headings of Marriage and Death ceremonies, and he has a very full list of omens and superstitions besides. But still more curious and far less known are the relics of torture, mutilation, and slavery of which he has found abundant evidence in Southern India. The majority of these cases belong, of course, to a past state of society, mutilation, for instance, having been freely practised by Tippoo Sahib who cut off the noses and ears of his English prisoners. Without going to the past, the practice of finger-chopping and even hand-cutting is still in vogue among the Morasas, a tribe spread over a considerable part of the Madras presidency. A far more general form of mutilation is branding. The chapter on torture is also very instructive, and should be read by all who believe that such barbarities are only to be found in Central Africa. There are alleged to have been eighty-five different forms of torture practised in Southern India, and it is certainly very remarkable to find that one of them called the "crocodile ordeal" was absolutely identical with one of the practices in the Congo State. This was to make the accused swim across a river or other piece of water infested with crocodiles. If he escaped he was held to be innocent. This ordeal used to be common along the Malabar coast. The chapter on slavery is also remarkable. Notwithstanding the various penal acts passed against slavery down to the last act in 1862, there is reason to say that among the Cherumar many are still "bought and sold and hired out" as slaves, although of course in secrecy. These facts are interesting for several reasons. They show the extraordinary difficulty any Government experiences in eradicating bad and brutal customs among primitive races, especially as they are usually covered and protected by their superstitious usages. The most primitive aboriginal tribe of Southern India is still higher in the scale of civilisation than the negro in Central Africa, and the eradication of cruel practices will take a longer time there. We have been engaged for fifty years in systematically stamping them out in the Madras Presidency, and we have met with considerable but not absolute success. The process will take longer in Central Africa, but this will not be displeasing to ethnological students for, as Mr. Thurston quotes, "when there are no more aborigines" aboriginal research will have come to an end also.

Dr. Ferries's *Growth of Christian Faith* (Edinburgh: Clark), attempts to show that the devout contemplation of the life and teaching of Christ supplies a germ which leads to the full acceptance of Christian doctrine, of which, in his view, the crowning point is the Atonement by the death of Christ. But Dr. Ferries does not make clear his own view of the Atonement. In common with many other theologians, he does not seem to realise that there are really but two forms of the doctrine between which choice can be made. They shrink from the first, yet, at the same time, are not inclined to relinquish, as preachers, the peculiar attraction which some use of the old forensic terms still undoubtedly exercises over a certain class of mind. And further, his precise aim is obscure, for he does not make it at all clear whether, in his far too diffuse descriptions of this subjective growth, he intends to indicate the norm of the process, or only what is applicable to certain temperaments and circumstances. Such a process certainly cannot be regarded as a necessary logical development, and whatever value it possessed could only be due to the psychological interest attaching to a particular instance or instances in which it had occurred. Yet there is nothing in the book to show that this is intended. Even if it were, it would have no value, for, though, in such a case, one does not look for necessary logical connection, one must at least be made to feel that, for the subject of the narrative, the transition from one state of mind to the other could not, in the circumstances, have been different. The arrangement of the book is very defective. Recent writers on the Atonement are introduced several chapters before Anselm, and St. Paul comes last in the so-called historical portion of the work, which is of much the same emotional and semi-hortatory character as the rest.

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